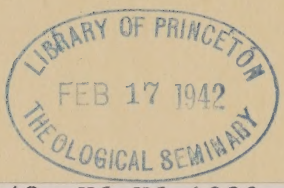

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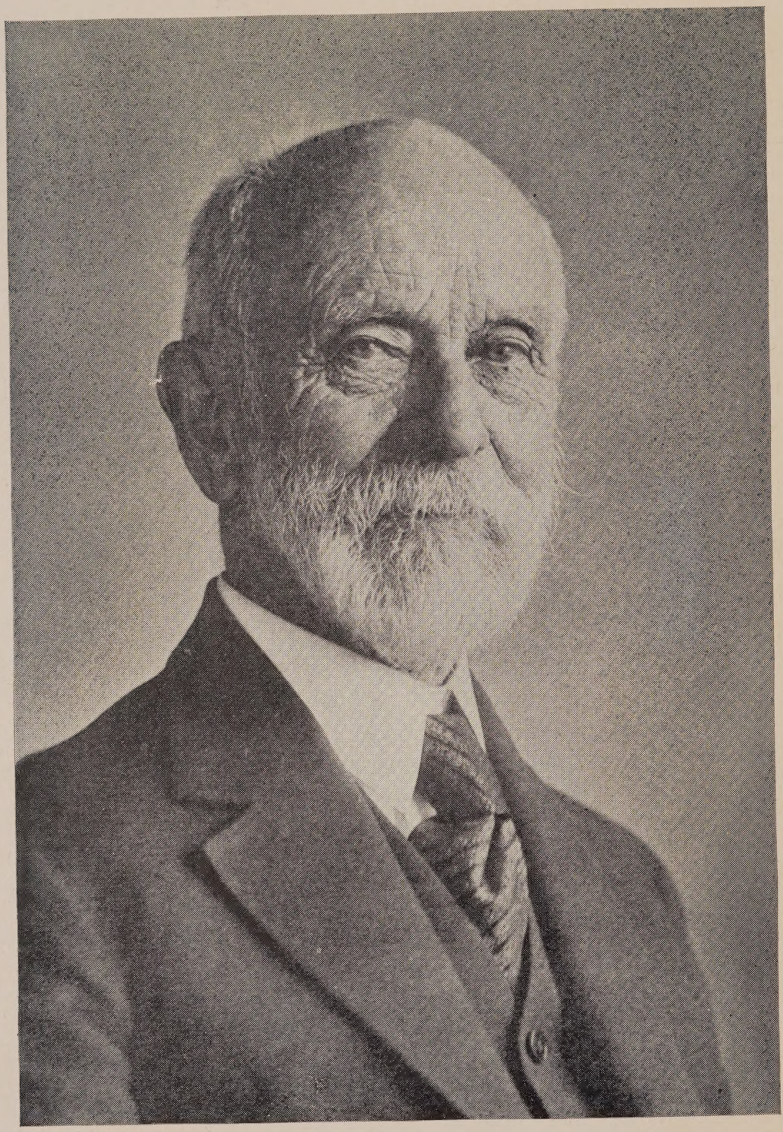
A life for the Balkans: the story of John Henry House

A LIFE FOR THE BALKANS



John Henry Hoan

Susan Adeline Beers House.

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A LIFE FOR THE BALKANS

The Story of John Henry House of the American Farm School Thessaloniki, Greece

As told by His Wife to
J. M. NANKIVELL

With an Introduction by
JOHN H. FINLEY

NEW YORK
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Dedicated

to

CHARLES L. HOUSE

"AN ADORING SERVANT OF GOD,
A FAITHFUL APOSTLE OF CHRIST,
A PRACTICAL FRIEND OF MAN."

"THE OLYMPIAN FARMER"

On the ninetieth anniversary of the birth of Dr. John Henry House I wrote a short summary of his long and remarkable life. Now that he has gone I make it my brief introduction to the intimate and loving story of the valiant life of him who now belongs among the saints. I called him an "Olympian farmer" but he was also and above that a "husbandman" in the spiritual sense in which the word was used in the Epistle of James: the husbandman who in waiting for the precious fruit of the spirit showed the patience of the farmer of the fields. The missionary labours of Dr. House are to be remembered with those of St. Paul, for he too heard the man from Macedonia, and concluded that God had called him to this labour.

He went to the Balkans as a young man, learned to speak Bulgarian and Turkish and was the first educator to attack the Macedonian problem from the point of view of the "subsistence farmer." It was there that I first knew him, in the midst of the War. I was on my way to the Holy Land as American Red Cross Commissioner for the Near East. I had come by from Italy to Corfu and then across Albania and Macedonia to Thessaloniki. To me as an Illinois ploughboy it was a bare subsistence that he and his family seemed to be eking out. They had a single frame building for school and home and a few outbuildings. I remember especially the mulberry trees and the silkworm culture which I saw for the first time. The returns from the fields at that time were almost as scant as those of the ancient Greek peasant who came with his offering to Demeter, saying:

> "Not many furrows on my scanty land,
> Nor is my spring of water grand;
> Little for little counts, but give me more,
> Good spirit, and I promise you great store."

The Farm School has in the decades since demonstrated that crops can be increased by twenty-five per cent on land no different from that of surrounding farms. This should mean much to Greece, two-thirds of whose six and one-half millions live on small tracts of land which must be farmed intensively to yield a living. Especially in these years when Greece has been giving shelter to more than a million refugees has this agricultural training been a godsend. And it is not alone better methods of industry and farming that the Farm School graduates carry back to the scores of communities from which they come, but a changed point of view about the dignity of these occupations and an acquaintance with ways in which they "eat their own bread" in health.

The Greek Government, recognizing the value of the school, sends each year selected boys to be trained at its expense. So does Ceres keep again her ancient promise in giving to Greece another Triptolemus, the inventor of the plough, who brings "the rewards which labour can win from the soil." Only a few miles away is the site of the home of Philip of Macedon, where Aristotle was teacher to Alexander the Great. Alexander could have had no better instruction than the Greek boys now receive in the American Farm School within sight of Olympus. The school is now carried on by his son Charles, who has been especially trained in modern methods for this service—"separated" unto it, as was Barnabas with Paul.

Time fails me to write more of Dr. House, as it failed the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews to tell of Gideon, Barak, David and Samuel. But it is not necessary. The story of this remarkable life is before you. He deserves to be remembered with all those of that glorious list of men of faith in the thirteenth chapter of Hebrews.

JOHN H. FINLEY.

New York City.

FOREWORD

THE teller of this tale is now in her ninetieth year, though she cannot be called old in the ordinary sense of the word. Time has not dulled her wit; her interest in passing events is as lively as if she had just set out on her long and varied journey; and she likes to keep in touch with the ordinary workaday affairs of the world she had made her own, though she sits, at the end of a long and active career, in surroundings that perhaps record in an astonishing and unbelievable manner what can be achieved in the span of a few years, much less than a man's lifetime, by vision, enterprise, industry, and a great deal of faith.

It will be interesting to dip into her family history so as to get some insight into her personality.

Susan Adeline Beers was born on September 14, 1850, in the city of New York. Her father had been a minister in Westboro, Massachusetts, until ill health compelled him to give up this work, much to the sorrow of himself and his flock. Grandfather Beers, also a parson, was long remembered in the parish church where he served, and her father recalled how he once visited this church years afterwards, and an old man rose and told of the inspiring meetings they had with Parson Beers at the helm.

Grandmother Beers was the daughter of Captain Robert Newell. He was at Valley Forge with Washington, and later was captain of a ship that sailed as far as China. When his sons were growing up he decided that whiskey was not good for them, so he called them to bring their axes, and together they destroyed the still.

Great-Grandmother Newell lived until Adeline was eleven years old, and died in her hundredth year. She once slept on her wedding dress to save it from British soldiers

and it was at the house of her grandfather, the Rev. Samuel Russell, that a group of pastors gathered, and planned for the founding of Yale College.

History tells us that his father, the Rev. John Russell, led his flock to Hadley, Massachusetts, and was one of the founders of that town. The epitaph on his gravestone states:

"Rev. Russell's remains who first gathered and for thirty years governed the flock of Christ in Hadley till the Chief Shepherd suddenly but mercifully called him off to receive his reward in the sixty-sixth year of his age. December 10, 1692."

It was this man who for about ten years gave shelter and hiding to General Goffe and General Whalley, the two regicides from Cromwell's army, who went to America. It is said that when the people of that region were threatened by Indians, a white-haired old man wearing an old-fashioned breastplate appeared among them. No one knew where he had come from, but he rallied the frightened crowd and planned the defence with such skill that the day was saved. Many people thought that he was a supernatural being, though there was little doubt that it was one of the two generals who had been in the pastor's house, and who had come out of hiding to save the people at the risk of being discovered.

John Russell was a Puritan, and his sympathies were with Cromwell. A history of Hadley calls him a hero:

"Under his very rooftree he was secreting Edward Whalley and William Goffe. . . . A price had been set on their heads and swift retribution awaited any who might conceal them. Any neglect of precaution, any unseen mishap to the premises, any single case of misplaced confidence, and both he and his guests were surely doomed to nameless torture and death. But he stood at his post for ten long years, virtually a prisoner in his parish."

Grandfather Bigelow lived at Malden on a high bluff overlooking the Hudson River. He made an interesting trip across the river in 1824, to meet LaFayette on his last visit to America; travelling up the river from New York on one of the first three steamboats made for river traffic. It was named *Chancellor Livingston,* after Chancellor Robert Livingston, who was a friend and patron of Robert Fulton. The steamer was accompanied by many sailboats, and Grandfather Bigelow decorated his sloop, *The Phoenix,* with all the flags he owned, and could borrow, and invited his neighbours to join in the fête.

Adeline's mother was the daughter of Asa Bigelow and Lucy Isham, an active and popular figure among her friends, and an earnest Christian. She died when her baby was born. From infancy the girl was taught that she must follow in the footsteps of her mother and carry on the work she had laid down; but it was not until after her marriage, while on a visit to her old home in Malden, just before sailing for the foreign mission field, that she learned that her mother had dedicated her unborn child to this work.

Adeline understood little about missionary life when she started out with her young husband. She had an idea that missionaries were very good people and she hoped that when she was on missionary ground she would be good, too; but she says:

"Alas, I soon discovered my mistake! I had brought with me the same faulty spirit that had tried me at home, and I sometimes thought I did not know how bad I was until I faced the complicated problems of missionary life."

John Henry House had seen her long before he met her, for he visited the poor in the district where she taught in the Sunday school, and I think he never quite lost the sense of joyful surprise which he experienced when he at last achieved an introduction.

They were married on September 17, 1872, by the Rev. Dr. George Prentiss, husband of Elizabeth Payson Prentiss, the author of *Stepping Heavenward,* and as they both believed in the promise, " Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," they started light-heartedly and full of confidence on that long wedding journey of over threescore years.

The world they journeyed to was a troubled one. There were wars, and rumours of wars, revolutions. Nationalities were being changed, boundaries shifted, or erased. But the seed they sowed was well sown, and, in spite of difficulties, flourished. Sometimes it looked as if their whole work must vanish forever. But warm human hearts carried the fragments and treasured them, and nothing vital was really lost. The force that welded all together in spite of everything was faith.

Their youth was given to Bulgaria; and the hopes, despair, and enthusiasm of youth went into it. In their prime they came to Thessaloniki, enthusiasts still, and, finally, at an age when most people think of retiring they really entered into their life's work, a work for which all they had gone through before was a preparatory school. No one without their breadth of understanding of the needs of the simple people, without their humanity, without their philosophy, which they had garnered in the queer highways where their life had been passed, and without the joyous spirit of eternal youth which was their particular heritage, could have achieved the El Dorado of their dreams, an agricultural and industrial school.

When they were, to use Dr. House's own terms, " long in years," it was a revelation to see them talking to their beloved " boys," to see their faces light with sympathy and enthusiasm.

It was this understanding of the need in human hearts that made them " Father and Mother House " to the large

and affectionate group of people with whom they were in contact. Their family includes people of many nationalities, of many shades of opinion, and of varied faiths. To them a good man was a good man, and I think that they did not believe a bad man really existed—all men had good points.

Dr. House may be quoted as an example of a really successful life; he more than realized his ambitions. He lived to see his children grow up, and a large family of grandchildren, and great-grandchildren; and though he nearly reached his ninety-first birthday all his descendants outlived him, although his eldest son, Harry, joined him within a short month. He was never infirm; but, as the years lengthened, his youngest son took over the management of the school he had founded. The bond between father and son was very close, and the transition so gradual that he could always feel he was needed. He had the joy of watching the growth of the school and, until the end, was the beloved friend of all.

The American Farm School is the product of years of careful thought, the consummation of a great faith.

The ideals of its founder have crept into every department, into every home on the place, and must react on the young life that feeds on it.

It is not proposed to give in this brief introduction an outline of the work of the school, nor of its aims and objects, as they, I hope, will be unfolded in the following pages.

Of the long life of Dr. House there are but few records, and these imperfect. Until his later years he did not keep a diary. A fire destroyed the accumulation of papers which would have been valuable. The chief source of information is therefore the memory of his wife, and from her I have the story. I have told it as simply as possible, and have tried to give the atmosphere of the times and the

countries he worked in, so that from the picture may be gathered a little of the work which he did and of the difficulties he overcame.

The school in Bulgaria which he worked in for so long still considers that it owes much to his inspiration. He it was who introduced the industrial department, for he was always an advocate of teaching boys to work with their hands. His youth went into the development of the whole school; his ardent enthusiasm must have been the inspiration for many an innovation. He travelled far and fast for his time, and those who worked with him must often have found him difficult to restrain.

At one time Dr. House was suspected of being politically minded, but, as a matter of fact, he was too international, too aware of the brotherhood of man ever to mix himself in the domestic politics of any country. He always said: "We are here by courtesy of the government, we are guests in this country, and so we must always keep this fact before us and try to make the more prejudiced of our helpers realize it too."

It was difficult for everybody in those days to see this point of view. All sorts of rumours were whispered about him; for the country was nearly always bitterly engaged in one war or another, and the people were suspicious of everybody, almost of their own shadows. At one time he was even suspected of being the head of a band of Bulgarian brigands. These rumours were hard to trace, and hard to be lived down.

When Bulgaria went into the Great War on the German side these suspicions increased. The French were particularly uneasy about him, but the British army was always on the friendliest footing with him, and looked on the insinuations as so much nonsense.

A few years ago a man called on Dr. House and said he wanted to shake hands with him. He was much interested

in his visit to the school, and pleased with what he saw. He had been the head of a band, and at one time had orders to burn the school and kill the family. The band actually came to within a short distance of the farm, with kerosene for firing the buildings, when they were recalled. Dr. House lived to receive this man as a guest.

He attracted friendship. He gave friendship. He lived down rumour and insinuation. His faith and fighting qualities, his humour, his humanity shine all through his long life.

He believed in the school he dreamed of. Such a belief had to materialize. It grew from a few arid, unprolific acres. To many those acres must have looked like one of fate's ironic jests. To Dr. House they were God's promise! Only the faith that moves mountains could have engaged in the battle for water. There is a delightful glimpse of him hanging over the bore pipe as it slowly sank into the dry earth, forgetful of the distant steamer that was to take him on his furlough to America, forgetful of wife and daughter anxiously hanging over the ship's side wondering if he could reach them before the ship sailed. But men like that do not miss ships. A sudden shout. Water at last! With joyful heart he dashed into his waiting carriage; no doubt the wheels spun round to the tune of running water!

J. M. N.

Pergos, Chalkidhiki, Greece.

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I

YOUTH

" Youth, what man's age is like to be doth show;
We may our ends by our beginnings know."
—Sir John Denham.

Over ninety years ago a little boy was born in Painesville, Ohio. The day was the twenty-ninth of May, and the year 1845. He was the second son, and between himself and the elder brother were two sisters. Later, other sons, Charles and Albert, were added to the jolly group of children. Little John Henry, the second son, had farther to go than any of them, but that fact did not trouble him as he lay in his cradle listening to his mother as she worked or sang old hymns and songs, or told Bible stories to the older children.

His father was an abolitionist, and his house a sort of station on the " Underground Railway " by which slaves were often helped to escape capture on their way from the Southland to Canada, for Canada meant Canaan to them. One of his early memories was of a kind-hearted old mammy with a white handkerchief round her head who helped his mother in the kitchen while she stayed with them on her journey to the land of freedom across Lake Erie.

The first record we have of a House family in America is that Samuel House, the grandson of a clergyman of that name, sailed from England in the company of the Rev. Mr. Lathrop. They landed at Scituate, where they settled, and four years later, in 1634, Samuel House was given land next to his pastor. As far as can be ascertained, they came

from Egerton in Kent at a time when Puritans felt driven to the New World to seek religious liberty, so that it can be surmised that they left their homeland for freedom to worship as they believed.

There is no record of what work Samuel House did in the old country; but in the new world he was a shipbuilder.

Several generations later the family moved to Chesterfield, Massachusetts, and it was here that my husband's father was born. I have just been reading a letter he wrote to a nephew in 1904, in which he says: "I had the pleasure of going to Chesterfield, and visited the old House homestead on Sugar Hill, a large brick house which I believe was built by your great-grandfather's brother Gershom, after the old house was burned down."

Gershom and others of the large family stayed in the East, but his brother John, a pioneer through and through, turned his face westward. In 1822 he set out, with his wife, nine daughters, and his only son, my husband's father, nineteen years old and the youngest of the family. He must have been the spoiled darling of the girls, for I once read a letter written by one of the sisters when she was old, in which she recalled how she had loved him and helped him with his chores.

It is now less than three hours by air to Cleveland, and it is hard to realize what dangers and difficulties had to be overcome in moving from New England to the Western Reserve over a hundred years ago, or what courage and energy were needed. The journey had to be taken by open prairie schooner, through waste lands that were practically roadless.

My family also were New Englanders, but our near relatives remained in the East, and until I met my husband I hardly knew anything about the West except by name. It seemed an adventure for me when I made my first visit to Painesville to see his family. That our two families should

ever have been in touch with each other would have appeared improbable, but after we were married, the wife of one of my cousins told of being in the church as a little child when prayers were offered for the House family as they left for the Western Reserve in 1822. The mother of my husband, Jane Electa Mosley, was born in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and records show that one of her ancestors and the Rev. John Russell married sisters.

The Mosleys seem to have been an influential family after coming to this country, for records through one generation after the other show that various members of the family were selectmen in their township. Perhaps they inherited their interest in public affairs from their English ancestors, for family records claim at least one Lord Mayor of London. In 1775, Colonel John Mosley was sent to represent the town at the Provincial Congress at Cambridge, and later was on a committee " to carry out the resolves of the Congress."

Just who built the home in Westfield does not appear, but it is probable that John Mosley was born there, and that he built the present homestead, where furniture, spinning wheels and oddments from the old house were preserved, while the original home was kept as an interesting souvenir by the family, who were proud of its traditions. Fourteen Mosley brides, daughters of the family, were married in the parlour of the old house in four generations.

When Jane Electa was about ten years old her immediate family migrated to Ohio with much difficulty, suffering many losses by the way. Her father, John Mosley, loaded all he was to take with him to the West in two large prairie schooners drawn by oxen. There were no good roads, and these ox-wagons travelled by the sandy beaches of Lake Erie. All the most precious possessions of the family were in them. One day a storm swept the lake so suddenly that it was impossible to turn the carts from the beach in time

because of high banks, and one of the yokes of oxen was washed away with all the household goods. It was a genuine catastrophe, for there was no possibility at that time of replacing them in the wilds.

Besides the parents, this Mosley family consisted of a number of girls and a boy. They settled in Mentor, and there they built a huge log cabin, which is still preserved. It had a wide door at each end, so that oxen drawing great logs to the big open fireplace could enter at one end and pass right through without turning round. The house had a mud floor. It was built under shade trees. In this home pretty little Jane Electa began her life in the Western Reserve.

One of the visitors to the home was young John House. No doubt he and Jane Electa went to many of the festivities of their time together—the husking bees and singing school—for although they lived in different villages the families must have been very friendly, and when they were married, one of John's sisters was married at the same time.

Jane Electa and John House started their married life on a farm at Leroy, Ohio, and it was from this farm that they moved into Painesville in 1844, a year before the birth of John Henry. The father had a farm just outside of Painesville and a general store, and the family worked hard as their children grew from childhood.

The mother did the spinning and weaving. She knew well how to make simple household remedies from the plants that grew wild in the country. She was a devoted mother, greatly loved by her children. The father was as handy with tools as he was about the farm, and had his own smithy and wheelwright shop.

The simple life developed a practical side quite early in the three growing boys, who were devoted to each other and whose very games called for ingenuity. They fashioned their own balls and bats, and made the kites they flew.

The river called them to play, or fish; the country abounded with berries and nuts, and many and merry were the hikes to get them. Christmas was the happiest day of the whole happy year. The children counted the days until it came round; then, when it did come, the early morning race by candlelight to their bulging stockings, and when the day was over the despairing thought that a whole year of days must pass until another Christmas dawned.

My husband's sensitiveness and gentle, courteous ways must have come from his mother. I can remember her telling me how she suffered when the carpenter came to make a cradle for her first baby. The boards were higher at the head of those old-fashioned cradles, and the man suggested that they should be made extra high to hide the baby's long nose. This remark caused her enough distress to make her cry, and she could still feel indignant fifty years later when she told me the story.

Painesville was a beautiful place in which to grow up. The house was situated on a most enchanting site on the high left bank of the Grand River, which emptied into Lake Erie some three miles to the north of the village. The house stood between Bank and State streets, which joined together in a point in front of the house, and the land between formed a little park. State Street was shaded by beautiful maple trees growing out of broad grass borders. In later years the street lights spilled their radiance through those trees in all their autumn glory, and was something worth remembering. The effect was like old cathedral windows glowing with green, yellow, red, and brown lights—a gleaming loveliness. The view over the high, steep riverbank on the Bank Street side of the house was also most alluring—the riverbank covered with beautiful trees, the sleepy river below, and the long covered bridge near a dam, which supplied power to the flour mill not far down the stream. The river made a wide curve

before reaching the house, and there was an exquisite view of the valley nestling in the bend of the river. This was especially true in the summer and autumn, when a blue misty haze shrouded the trees and crept over the valley and hills. It was here little John Henry grew in body and mind, and helped his father to care for the trees and to beautify the place, until, as he often expressed it: "My love for my village and my home was so strong that I hoped that I should never have to leave them."

He was a shy boy. He told how his first attempt at public speaking, which was at school, ended in disaster. A fit of shyness overcame him as he stood on the platform, and he fled in tears. As he grew older this shyness, coupled with a tender conscience, caused him not a little trouble. He had no doubt at all about being a sinner, but he was so shy that he found it difficult to seek help.

In those days pastors often sought the help of evangelists, who by vivid fiery discourse showed the people their need for the sinners' Friend. In these meetings many young people rose to declare that they had given their hearts to Christ. This was what Henry dreaded. On one occasion he offered prayers of gratitude for an attack of measles during a period of revival meetings, but his release was of short duration. The meetings lasted longer than the measles. He says of these meetings: "It was the going forward that frightened me, but the very first night I went, in spite of everything, I found myself in the front kneeling with the others, and after prayers were offered I arose, having decided to follow Christ."

A short time before his thirteenth birthday he united with the church. "This," he wrote, "began my struggle to live the Christian life." It was not an easy thing for this boy to take those solemn vows upon him, but, in spite of shyness, he stepped forward, and from that hour until the end of his life nothing was

too hard for him to face with the help of God. "John was always a pious youth," an old Irish servant said of him.* This was true; but he was also a lover of laughter and song. His mother used to say that he got more milk from the cows because he sang as he worked. A man who worked about the place once wanted to know if he sang at his work because he was a Christian.

During his school days he was a diligent, conscientious student, and a good scholar; but he had no desire to go further than the public school of his own town. He seems to have feared then that he might be called to the ministry, and he could not bear the thought of it.

Then came a day at the dinner table, when a neighbour, who was paying a visit to his father, asked, "Are you going to make a priest of your John?"

This aroused his worst fears. His parents had never suggested such an idea to him, and when his father asked him later if he would like to go to college, he immediately refused.

The colleges in the Western Reserve had been founded by men of deep religious feeling in the hope that they would prove centers where men could be trained for the ministry. To John's mind college meant the direct road to the ministry, therefore a place to be avoided.

A few years later another spiritual awakening led him to think more seriously of the need of labourers in the vineyard of his Master, and he decided to go to college. When he was eighteen years old he was offered a scholarship at Western Reserve University, Hudson, Ohio, and he accepted. Because he had never studied Greek, which was not taught at the academy at Painesville, he went to the academy at Hudson, and entered college the following autumn.

The academy at Hudson was no lap of luxury in those

* He was called John in his home, but I called him Henry.

lean early days of its existence. Central heating was unknown. Study halls were heated by stoves, and the dormitories faced a snow-covered river valley, through which the wind swept in all its winter fury. With grim determination, the students kept their windows open; but on some nights the only way not to freeze was to heap two and three into a bed with blankets and quilts piled over them. To wash, the ice had to be broken in the water-jug, and the towel, which was frozen stiff, thawed out. Weaklings could not have endured it. It was a magnificent training for a race of giants. Giants came out of it. The shy, retiring boy from Painesville faced it all, had his spells of homesickness, burnt the midnight oil.

Things were a little easier after he entered college. In his spare time he worked for the professors, sawing wood, and cultivating their gardens, earning what he could, living frugally, as people of those pioneering days could live. On Sundays he walked miles with other students to teach in Sunday schools, and hold Sunday meetings among young people in a village where there was no pastor. It meant some twelve miles of walking, but he did not hesitate to take it. Some of the professors thought it too much for even their hardy students, but the students themselves were too interested to give up the work. A spiritual awakening spread among the young people they visited, but there was also opposition, and dancing parties were sometimes arranged to compete with the meetings.

In spite of all this work, John still hoped against hope that he might not be called to the ministry. But in his sophomore year, Dr. Selah B. Treat, a secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, came to the college and spoke to the students. As John listened to the address he became greatly troubled. This is how he thought out this important question and went over it in dialogue:

" You, a Christian, and not willing to be a missionary? "
" Why, yes, so it seems."
" But are you going to still call yourself a Christian if you are unwilling to go where Christ wishes you to go? "
" Oh, of course I could not."
" Are you willing then to give up your Christianity? "
" Oh, I could not do that."

Then he offered the following prayer from the depths of his heart:

" Oh, Lord, I will go if Thou sendest me, but, oh, do not send me. I will be a minister, I will go to the far West, if Thou urgest me, but, I beseech Thee, send me not to foreign lands."

In his heart he knew that he had crossed the Rubicon, and he felt deeply the call for foreign service. In after years he rejoiced that, like Paul, " I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." From that time on his life was a real adventure in obeying the call.

During his student days he had his periods of bewilderment, but from every period of questioning he seemed to emerge with new strength and deeper convictions. He was always quick to see another man's point of view, and there, I believe, lay the foundation of the broad views which he really had and his instinct to look for the good in people.

He graduated from college as Latin Salutatorian and the proud possessor of a Phi Beta Kappa key. He had earned his Master's degree, but was too poor to pay for his sheepskin and did not want to ask his father for more money, for there were younger children to support and educate. His life at college was busy and happy. He loved and admired his professors, perhaps most of all his Greek professor, the grandfather of Dr. Seymour, President of Yale College. President Seymour's father was one of Henry's college mates and a lifelong friend. He was much

envied during their college days, for when the other students were struggling over their Greek translations he would read page after page " just for fun."

After his return home, he helped his father and earned what he could, but not enough to carry out his plan of going to New York to continue his studies at the Union Theological Seminary. Then a friend came to him with a gift of two hundred dollars to help him to get started, telling him that later he could pass it on to other students who needed it. Little did either of them dream how many times this sum was to be turned over during his long life, and later by students he had helped. One of these students, after graduating, went to America, and later wrote a letter enclosing a ten-dollar bill. " I am sending the first money I earned," he wrote, " to help some other student attend the school."

With this two hundred dollars John was able to enter the seminary in the autumn of the year he graduated from college. There were no opportunities for him to saw wood or tend gardens for the professors, but he soon found work as a helper in a mission Sunday school in Brooklyn, and later in New York. Here he taught a class for the teachers and made hundreds of calls among the people. His salary was not large and it was not always easy to make both ends meet, but he managed to do so through faith, coupled with grit, hard work, and no little ingenuity. Often he told me later how, with his chums, he went the rounds of the restaurants trying to find the ones which gave the biggest griddlecakes with coffee. At one time he earned the money for his food by managing a students' boarding club.

Finally, he was called to be preacher and worker in the mission of the Church of the Covenant, where I had been teaching for several years. Months passed before I ever met him, but since I have begun this story it has occurred to me that of all the talks I heard in that Sunday school,

the only one I can recall is one of his on the verse in the fifth chapter of Matthew, " Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

Something in that talk made that verse stand out clearly in my mind. Perhaps it was the first promise of the " golden-mouthed " preacher he was to become. I had not the faintest interest in this young man at the time. I do not think I had ever spoken to him, so there was nothing of romance in it. But after we met our friendship ripened rapidly. He visited in the district where I taught Sunday school, and quickly won the hearts of the children, who, hanging on to his hands as they walked with him, would talk of " our Miss Beers." Here is his description of our introduction:

" As I had gathered a class of boys in the Sunday school, I saw her every Sunday. The proprieties of city life were such, however, that I would never have presumed upon speaking to any of the lady teachers without an introduction. After a long time, the chance for an introduction came at a reception given for all the teachers at the house of a member of the Church of the Covenant, the mother church of our mission. My chance had come. I met Miss Beers and had a very pleasing talk with her. . . . It was not very long before I was permitted to walk home with her from some service at the church."

Thus our romance began.

The story of Henry's life [he was Henry now] in New York would not be complete without some mention of the spiritual struggles through which he went. His theological studies brought him face to face with many questions that had to be solved before he could take upon himself the vows at his ordination, but his faith triumphed. One by one, these doubts vanished, although he never felt that he could be strictly honest and take the vows required of all ministers of the Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock, a classmate of my father's, was sure that Henry " was making the mistake of his life " when he refused to go to Beirut under the Presbyterian Board, while Dr. Nathaniel G. Clarke, Secretary of the American Board, was equally sure that he should go to Bulgaria. Dr. Clarke once said to me: " Dr. Hitchcock and I nearly had a quarrel over him."

Another reason why Henry refused this call was that Beirut was at that time considered one of the most attractive places for missionaries. " It is easy to get men to go there," he said, " and I am ready to go to the hardest place."

I myself thought that it would be pleasant to go there because it was a place in which my church was interested and where friends of our family visited. But Henry decided not to go and I did not urge him to change his mind.

He was very much attached to his professors at the seminary and because I knew several of them, he found me an interested listener in what he had to tell me about them and his studies. The fact that I, too, had dedicated my life to missionary work was another interest we had in common.

One of his professors, Dr. Henry B. Smith, was a member of our church. I remember one day he joined me after church and asked if he was in the way of some young man if we walked toward our homes together. Of course, I welcomed his company, but was too shy to tell him that there was not a young man in all the congregation with whom I would be as proud to walk.

I also loved to watch dear old Dr. William G. T. Shedd, another of his professors, who sat in one of the front seats in church. When there was something that he specially liked in the sermon he would nod his head approvingly. One of his duties at the seminary was to advise the students who brought their sermons to him. I remember Henry telling me that once when he took his sermon to him, he

waited for the correction, but the old man looked up and said, "I have been so interested, I forgot all about the criticism."

Henry had a very stiff examination before leaving New York, and a few months later another in Ohio, where his ordination was to take place. In those days the candidate first told of his Christian experience. Then followed his oral examination in theology, an ordeal of about two hours. In describing it he wrote:

"The examination became somewhat exciting when I was questioned as to my belief in Original Sin. Did I believe that we were all in Adam when he sinned? 'Yes,' I said, 'I think that is essentially true,' and when pushed to explain it, I used an expression which I had gotten from my beloved Dr. Shedd, and said, 'I do not believe we were in Adam with our boots on.' When pushed with some other questions I maintained my position in spite of attempts to push me from them. I saw that I somewhat disturbed my good pastor."

Henry's brother also, who was in the council as clerk, was almost frightened when he heard remarks like this: "I do not approve of the young man's theology, but I shall vote for his ordination." Another said, "The young man's theology is abominable, but perhaps it is good enough for the heathen."

As for Henry, he remarked afterwards, "I was somewhat surprised at the theology of my examiners."

After his ordination, which took place in his home church, he received a call to a church in Garrettsville, Ohio, where he spent seven busy months giving his best of time and strength to people he had learned to love, and his whole heart to winning them to Christ. He had the happiness of seeing the church grow in size, and receiving a number of new members into it.

During his ministry in Garrettsville, a pastor of a neigh-

bouring parish once told of a woman of his own parish who had said that she was thankful she did not live in Garrettsville, because if she had lived there Mr. House would have called on her and prayed with her.

Once he called on a woman to tell her that he was the pastor of the Congregational church in the village and that he would be very pleased to have her attend the services.

"Oh," the woman replied, "it is you priests who are turning the world upside down. I have not been to church for fifty years."

"Why," he said in his most disarming manner, "you are the very person I have come to seek. I will bring the Gospel to you in your own house. I cannot let you go without telling you the way of salvation." He sat down with her then and there, and talked to her, and when the time came for him to go she asked him to come again.

His ministry kept him away from New York, and he was very puzzled as to how to see me, for he was too poor to come and go from the parish where he was working. Then came an evening when an old friend with whom he read put a return ticket for New York into his hand and told him to attend an important conference. He was delighted, but he got there to find that I was ill in bed with typhoid, and all he could do was to send me a book and roses.

Our engagement caused a mild furore in the family. Not because anyone disapproved of the bridegroom, but they thought that I was unsuited for the mission field. One lady who heard of my engagement said, "You would not have looked at him if he had not been a missionary."

My wonder was that he had ever come to look at me. Henry was practically a stranger to my family and so I was immensely pleased when my father repeated to her what Dr. Hitchcock thought of the young man who was asking to enter the family. "He is a young man among a thou-

sand, and if I was hired, I could not say anything better of him."

My father always told this with a twinkle in his eye, and added that " perhaps he had been hired."

Henry had heard and answered the call for mission work abroad, and, after some waiting and discussion, it seemed that the need was most urgent in European Turkey, as Bulgaria was then called, though at one time it seemed likely that he might be sent to Mardin in Mesopotamia.

On hearing the news a friend said, " To go to Mardin is sure death, and going to Eski Zaghra is next to it."

Neither of us was discouraged by these words, as it really seemed that we were answering a veritable call of God. We knew nothing of what lay ahead, but we were young and very much in love, and so it seemed to us that at Eski Zaghra the doors of romance and adventure would swing open for us. None of my family was very sure of what life on a distant mission field might mean, and, of course, in those days a journey to Bulgaria meant much more than a journey around the world does today. I had a vague feeling that I might live in a palm-thatched hut and breakfast off breadfruit. When she heard of it Grandma Beers expressed herself to some purpose, and said that she was scandalized at the idea of my being a missionary's wife. She said no girl should be married before she could make bread and cut out and sew a shirt. Being a minister's wife, she knew the requirements.

Though skeptical, everybody was interested, but so unworldly was the man I intended to marry that it never occurred to him to ask what salary we would get on the mission field, and until we were settled in our own home in Bulgaria we did not know what we would have. He never doubted that there would be enough for our simple needs, for he had obeyed a call from God.

II

A LONG JOURNEY

"Thou hast thy way to go,
Thou hast thy days to live;
Yea, slake the world's great thirst
For yet another man."
—MILTON, "Samson Agonistes."

FAREWELLS were shouted; hands waved; and there were the bustle and confusion of departure and a white flutter of handkerchiefs as the *S. S. Australia,* bound for Glasgow, moved from her berth. This, we felt, was our real start as missionaries. From now on a new life lay before us in that Old World which was always so alluring and strange to the young people of the New World. We were bound for European Turkey, and with us were two young men, Mr. John W. Baird, and Mr. George D. Marsh, who in our new life were to be Brother Baird, and Brother Marsh. It was a goodly company of missionaries who hung over the ship's rails and watched home faces recede in the distance. At the end of the voyage they would scatter to their different stations—to Bohemia and to the Near East. Furloughs came every ten years, so it would be long before we saw America again.

The *Australia* was small, a little over two thousand tons. She carried sails to help her boilers along and to steady her when it was rough. In spite of those sails she was very unsteady. There was one small saloon, where we had our meals, but no lounge or smoking room. My steamer chair was the only one on the ship, but I seldom used it, for I loved the sea and lent the chair to a seasick fellow traveller.

Mr. and Mrs. John Henry House
Photograph taken in 1872 just before sailing to the Balkans.

The sea proved a bad friend to Henry, who firmly made up his mind never to cross it again, as the discomfort was not worth it. With wonderful courage, he managed to preach on one occasion during the voyage, and his happiest moment was a brief respite in the harbour of Londonderry. Once he was in Glasgow, he recovered with astonishing rapidity, and to my surprise ordered and devoured a beef-steak, and still had a good appetite left for the regular hotel meal.

We lingered in Scotland, and loved it, roaming at will in Edinburgh, Stirling, and Bannockburn. The romances of Scott had been considered suitable reading in my childhood and I felt on familiar ground.

We bought our mission outfit in London, and there, too, we had the joy of visiting places of historic interest. The British capital was at the very peak of the Victorian age. We heard Spurgeon preach, and though it may seem out of place I am tempted to give here an extract from an account of this service, written much later by Henry, in which he says:

"Years afterwards I read one of this good man's letters to one of my theological students, a Bulgarian who had accepted the doctrines of the close communion. . . . This young man had, of course, been to hear the celebrated preacher while on a visit to London. On his return to Bulgaria he wrote to Spurgeon, after reading an ancient manuscript, the 'Teaching of the Apostles,' then newly discovered. He wrote objecting to the open communion which Spurgeon held and supported his own belief and his objections to Spurgeon's practices by this document. My young friend was good enough to send me, his old teacher, a copy of Spurgeon's reply. Here it is, in part: 'My dear Brother: I am not a believer in the "Teaching of the Apostles," for my good father and mother were not Baptists, and the "Teaching of the Apostles" calls my father and mother dogs, and I know they were not dogs.' He then proceeded to

recommend to his ardent young brother the spirit of tolerance and loving fellowship with all good Christians, whether they were of his exact belief or not. It was the letter of a great Christian, and ought to have been preserved by me, but the vicissitudes and accidents of a long life made it impossible for me to do so."

On leaving London we travelled as far as Nürnberg, where some of the party who were bound for Bohemia left us. The rest, all to work in European Turkey and the Near East, went on together to Vienna. We were captivated by the enchantment of this once gay city. Our time there was all too short.

Eski Zaghra, our station, was in the heart of European Turkey. In those days the Ottoman Empire extended from the Danube to the Ægean, and from Albania to the Black Sea. The only railways were from Rusctchuk, on the Danube, to Varna on the Black Sea, and a short line from Dedeagatch on the Ægean to Adrianople and a little farther on.

We went by train to Orsova on the Danube, and there took an Austrian steamer to Rusctchuk. In these days of easy direct travelling it is difficult to understand the complicated system of going East to get West which existed in the early seventies. To look at the map the distance between Rusctchuk and Eski Zaghra seems nothing, but there could be no question then of our taking the comparatively short journey over the mountains behind slow-moving oxen or on horses. The roads were lonely and infested with bands of *bashi-bazouks,* irregulars attached to the Turkish army, and Circassians. They kept a sharp lookout for travellers, and were always ready to pounce on them from villages perched high in the hills. Therefore, we were compelled to take the longer journey.

At Varna, on the Black Sea, we took a carriage, but not knowing the language we could not tell the driver where to

take us. Fortunately, on the train we had grown friendly with an English-speaking Armenian, who helped us through our immediate difficulties.

Far greater trouble lay ahead. A babble of languages arose around us in a most bewildering fashion, confusing us and making us feel utterly helpless. We succeeded in getting ourselves and our luggage into a boat to go to the steamer that lay off shore. Halfway to the steamer the boatman refused to take us unless we paid him a gold coin worth about four dollars. Then came the hardest part of the adventure, getting aboard the steamer. Boatloads of yelling people crowded the gangway, jostling and struggling. Everyone looked wild. They shouted and screamed, and there was no one to explain to us that the gestures and screams were only the play of words and did not mean that daggers and pistols would soon be out. It was with the greatest difficulty that our boatman squeezed through to the steps of the gangway. In the crush one lady of the party was almost pushed into the sea.

I shall never forget the entry into Constantinople. Beauty was spread all about us. There were multitudes of mosques and graceful minarets, Venetian towers with turreted walls, and most beautiful of all, perhaps, the palaces of the Sultans. We slid through strange shipping, along the easy, yielding bends of the Bosporus, and were met, to our delight, by young James Riggs, who spoke Turkish fluently, so that it seemed to us all our troubles were ended. Then came a short walk to the Bible House.

The fascinating beauty of the city vanished once we set foot in the street, for the Constantinople of those days was anything but a rose garden. We walked with difficulty through the dirty narrow streets, filled with every shape and size of mongrel dog, lying directly in the path, so that almost the only way to get past was to step over them. Hamals, human bearers of burdens, with immense loads on

their backs, toiled slowly along, their slow zigzagging being somewhat difficult to dodge. We were fascinated with the red fezzes, the great turbans, the curious costumes of the men and women of many nations. This was the capital of the world, where so much of our life would be spent, for we had offered ourselves for life.

After leaving the Bible House we had a long row up the Bosporus once more, this time in a swanlike *caique* to the house of Dr. and Mrs. William Gottlieb Schauffler at Bebek, where we were to stay. Deeply etched in my heart is the memory of Dr. and Mrs. Schauffler, grand missionaries of the old school, whose days of active service were nearly over, but who for many years to come were affectionately thought of as mission parents by the younger fraternity. What a haven of rest was their home after all the excitement and turmoil of the long journey.

Dr. Schauffler was one of those who helped to translate the Bible into some of the Near East languages, and who devoted many years of his life to the work.

When we arrived in the Near East, the Ottoman Empire was ruled by the Sultan Abdul Aziz, and all seemed peaceful. Looking over old papers, I find the following extract written by my husband:

"The Armenians seemed to be rather the favoured normal Christian population, and, if I mistake not, at that time there was an Armenian in the ministry of Abdul Aziz, while many Armenians seemed to be favoured with lower positions in the government of the country. The ambassadors of the six great powers, Russia, Britain, France, Germany, Austria and Italy, were usually vying with one another in the pursuit of obtaining advantages for their merchants and their citizens in their various activities in the Turkish Empire. France and Britain were rather favoured because they had taken sides with Turkey in the Crimean War against Russia, which resulted in Russia's defeat. Notwithstanding all this, Russia was much feared for her seem-

ing great military power. Unfortunately, Constantinople was the great center of foreign intrigues and rivalries. Russia championed the rights of the Christians of the Orthodox faith, France those of the Catholic, and Britain those of the Protestant. Turkey's sickness was thought to be mortal, she was expected to die at any moment and so all sat around waiting to see who could grab the greatest share of the inheritance. Curiously enough Turkey refused to die."

In 1870 a Bulgarian Exarchate was created by a firman of the Sultan Abdul Aziz, and in 1872 the first Bulgarian Exarch was elected. The allegiance of the church was thus transferred from the Greek Patriarch to their own Exarch, with his headquarters in Constantinople, where the Greek Patriarch was also established. The language of the church services in Bulgaria, European Turkey, was at that time changed from the ancient Greek to the ancient Slavic. This caused a disruption of the Orthodox Church and the breach between the Greeks and the Bulgarians was considerably widened. Patriotism was stirring in the Slavic people, and the Bulgarian peasants did not escape from the general enthusiasm. The Turks welcomed any movement that caused a breach in the Christian population, and at that time they were friendly with Protestant missions.

Here the answer may well be given to a question which frequently cropped up: "What are missionaries doing in Christian communities?"

An English paper, *The Nonconformist,* of April 23, 1873, gives, perhaps, the best answer:

"Two efforts have been made during the last thousand years by Christian nations for the conversion of the Turks. One was an attempt to convert them by force, in the Crusades; the second is the attempt to evangelize and civilize them by truth and kindness; and this has been altogether the work of the Americans, during the lifetime of the present generation. Entering upon

their chosen undertaking when a single false step might have been fatal to their hopes, they planted themselves at Stamboul in days now long gone by, and devoted the lives of some of their ablest men to laying the foundations of a mission whose ramifications now extend over the whole empire. They translated the Scriptures, they wrote books, they composed tracts, they edited newspapers, reviews, and magazines, they engaged in works of practical benevolence, they established Sunday schools, they poured forth a flood of truth from their printing presses, they sold, they gave, they expounded the Word of God, they trained in a flourishing seminary at Bebek numbers of young men in sound scholarship for the work of the ministry and other departments of service, and extended from Constantinople, as from a watchtower, a wide-reaching survey over the battle that was being fought by their fellow labourers from Adrianople in the north to Erzroom and the Euphrates in the east and south. To this missionary phalanx well might Lord Stratford de Redcliffe say, in his parting address on relinquishing his embassy: 'I have noted with deep interest the discretion which, almost without exception, has invariably tempered your zeal, the happy consequences which in many important respects have attended your exertions, and the still happier prospects which, though slowly, are nevertheless perceptibly opening for your encouragement in a most difficult and most hazardous field of duty.' Years have elapsed since these words were uttered, and though enterprise had made enormous strides since that day, the chosen method of first attempting the awakening of the Armenian Christian population who are scattered among the Mohammedan millions has been attended with signal success. . . ."

It takes a long time to rouse the Turk to acts of violence, for he is easy-going and tolerant; but when roused he goes far. His general principle is live and let live—a foresighted diplomacy accentuated by his habitual indifference. It was this diplomacy which prompted the policy of religious freedom.

The attitude of the Orthodox churches to the Protestant

missions was decidedly hostile. In the simple minds of untutored people it was so easy to confuse Protestants with Mohammedans. Neither made the sign of the cross; neither had pictures in their places of worship.

The Turkish army had attached to it a special branch of irregulars called *bashi-bazouks*. They were wild looking, with sashes full of daggers and pistols, with large dashing turbans, huge moustaches, and picturesque trousers. This force could be best described as the scapegoat of the regular army. It worked chiefly in the country and mountains and kept up a reign of terror. The *bashi-bazouks* were always ready to act if there were small uprisings, and one of their chief reasons for existence seemed to be to promote these uprisings by keeping the people in a constant state of fear and irritation. It was the *bashi-bazouks* who carried out massacres when political feelings rose to a certain pitch. If the massacres or killings were bad enough the other nations would step in and call the Turks to account. Then a polite answer would be forthcoming to the effect that the Turkish army was absolutely innocent of the charges against it. If further pressed, they replied, "That must be the *bashi-bazouks*," as if they had nothing whatever to do with them officially. In this way a massacre was made to appear to be the work of savage men out of hand.

In Abdul Aziz's time the missionaries who were engaged in evangelical work, which necessitated long journeys, were able to obtain the Sultan's firman commanding all officials and others to receive them well and give hospitality to them and to their animals. This firman was a large showy document written in Arabic script with the Sultan's cipher in the center, about a hand's span in size. When the chief official of a town read this he would fold it reverently, put it to his forehead, touch it with his lips, and return it by a servant to the hands of its owner.

We remained over two weeks in Constantinople, making

many friends. We were very glad of this respite after the difficulties and confusion of the latter part of our journey.

In New York the dressmaker had laughed at my modest trousseau; but I found to my astonishment on arriving on mission ground that I was looked on as a very smart person indeed. In those days fashion books were very few and far between, and missionaries had little need of changing the fashion of their clothes in a country where people followed the same styles for generations. Fashions were studied by them only when it was their turn to go to Constantinople to the Annual Meeting. Then there was a valiant attempt made to furbish up a little for the outside world.

A funny story is told of one of these ladies. A friend sent her a pattern of a very stylish-looking gored skirt that had come into fashion since her arrival on the mission field, and she decided to make her new gown by it. When she arrived in Constantinople she found that she had put the gores on backwards.

Frills and furbelows were considered unbecoming on the wives of missionaries, and one wife laboriously took off from her dresses all the flounces and laces that in her heart she dearly loved. A mother, in her anxiety to do the right thing, ripped the ruffle from the bottom of a gray dress that came for her child out of a mission box for fear that it would show a desire to overdress.

Rigid simplicity was the keynote, and, looking back now, it seems to me that we carried simplicity too far. We did not want our students' minds taken up with frivolities, and determined to set a good example. It reacted on the students. One of the missionaries received a present of a gray dress from home. A student, whom she had repeatedly urged not to overdress, noticed that the missionary's new dress had a row of smoked pearl buttons running from the neck to the hem of the dress. She brought the row of but-

tons to my notice, and asked if it was necessary to have buttons all the way down. She also wanted to know why the missionaries had their coats trimmed with buttons at the back. These little points really do not mean much, but they do show the environment we lived in, and give some idea of our times and the enormous changes that have taken place.

We made calls with Mrs. Schauffler and on one occasion I wore a dress of stiff black grosgrain silk, which was then the mode, and was very rustly. We were going afterwards to one of the English homes for a prayer meeting, but it did not occur to me to change my dress, for it was very simple. However, the fleas were at the prayer meeting too, and nearly drove me frantic.

They walked and nipped, and I wriggled and twisted, and my dress cried my discomfort aloud to everybody, just as it advertised its quality by its loud rustling. I could not keep still, and yet it was no relief to move. I was dreadfully mortified. When I reached home Dr. Schauffler, full of droll fun, was much amused by my distress; at the same time he felt this was the moment to give me a hint of the decorum expected of missionaries' wives, so he said with a twinkle in his eye which softened his words: "You won't wear a silk dress to prayer meeting again!"

We went by steamer from Constantinople to Dedeagach. Mr. James W. Baird and Mr. George R. Marsh were with us, for we were bound for the same station. Being young and enthusiastic we found fun in our difficulties. The hotel had one medium-sized room for the whole party, which was most embarrassing for me, as it was then unthinkable for a mixed party to share a room to sleep in. However, there was nothing else for it so we set up our camp beds and slept the sleep of the just.

Our train ran as far as a place called Hermanlee, and the next morning we walked together to the station, our luggage

following by ox team. Oxen suited the leisurely methods of the Near East, where there is always another day, and the conductor of the train obligingly delayed the start for half an hour until the oxen with the luggage sauntered to the station. The conductor was delighted to practice a few words of English which he had learnt, and was so proud of his accomplishment that he showed no desire to leave us for the more serious work of attending to his train.

A missionary who was to take us into the interior beguiled the last tedious hours of the train journey, just as it was getting dark, with the story of a missionary who had been killed a few years before when travelling over the same road we were to take the next day. He never dreamed of the consternation he was causing at least one of his listeners.

The night was spent in two railway coaches, because there were no station buildings at Hermanlee. During the night someone rattled on the door trying to get in, perhaps belated workers, but it was very disquieting to newcomers who had just been initiated into the methods of *bashi-bazouks*. But the noise stopped and we were not molested.

Talikas, or native carts, were at the station to meet us and to take us to our final destination. These carts were shaped something like the milk wagons used in New York about seventy-five years ago, except that they had a cover. This cover was lined with bright red flannel, studded with nails with white china knobs. As we travelled over this rough road, our heads suffered somewhat from constant impact against these humpy ornaments. The only seats in the *talikas* were those occupied by the drivers, but the body of the wagon was filled with straw covered with bed quilts, and on this some manner of comfort was possible, for we took turns to lie at length. The rest of the time we had to sit crouched in very cramped positions.

The *bashi-bazouks* and other strangely dressed people

who gathered about us as we started the day's journey did not tend to inspire me with courage, especially after the story of the night before.

This part of the journey gave us our first glimpse of the unkept country and the strangely garbed people amongst whom we were to work. Their heavily girded waists were wrapped in folds of long red sashes. These sashes were of fine home-woven wool, and getting wrapped into them was quite an art. One end of the sash was fastened to some stationary object, then the man, placing the other end on his waist, would slowly pivot round and round until he had completely wrapped himself into the many yards of material. This sash was an important part of his dress, serving him as pockets for his personal requirements, and for his knives, which were tucked into the folds.

These people appeared somewhat alarming to strangers who were quite unprepared for them. To add to our mental discomfort, we knew not a word of the language. Our merciless Turkish driver drove so recklessly at full tilt on to a narrow bridge that he threw over a Bulgarian riding a small donkey. The fall was a nasty one, into a stream bed, where donkey and owner were left to their fate, for the driver did not even look back. "We have no language to express our burning indignation," cried my husband, "so how can we reprove our driver?" All we could do was to lean out of our *talika* and watch the man and donkey pick themselves up, and we believed he was unhurt.

The landscape interested us greatly. Wide plains, high mountains, everywhere rough fields and no fences or isolated buildings, for all the people were settled in small villages.

That night we set up our beds in a mud hut, but there were two small rooms, and we were very comfortable. Here one of our young Bulgarian preachers met us. The memory of his introduction has often made me smile. I

was a very inexperienced person, and it was not surprising that some of the missionaries in Constantinople prophesied that I would not be able to stick it out for more than a year. They were mistaken, for Henry and I were permitted to work together in the Balkans nearly sixty-four years. When this Mr. Constantine met us he was so happy to think of having three new men to help his people, that, after the manner of his country, he kissed them very heartily on both cheeks. While they were being kissed, Paul's direction to the Christians of Rome flashed into my mind: "Salute one another with an holy kiss." I wondered if I was to be saluted next in this Biblical fashion. If so, it was a part of missionary life I was not prepared for, and I slipped behind my husband until I found that my fears were groundless.

Mr. Constantine was most energetic in his care for us, and seeing that we were very tired and hungry, he cried, "Now I must get you a kitchen." I had visions of some sort of travelling kitchen appearing from somewhere, but it turned out to be a living chicken, which he quickly turned into a very good supper.

I had started out bravely. My mind was made up to endure the discomforts of the life before me, for were we not modern crusaders trying to carry our faith forward by presenting it in such a manner as not to be abhorrent to anyone? I had read of the breadfruit that missionaries had to eat when bread was not to be had, and my night in the mud hut did not distress me. I think I expected something like that, except that it would be covered with broad leaves instead of tiles in my imagination. I was therefore very surprised and ashamed when I found how hard it was to eat the dark, sour bread, and to do without butter, for the only butter we could get was full of hairs, and had to be boiled and strained, and then used only in cooking.

After a two days' drive we reached Eski Zaghra. There

we were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis L. Bond, in whose hospitable home we were to stay until our own house was finished. The welcome we received seemed heaven-sent to four bewildered, travel-stained, weary young people.

III

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

" God oft hath a great share in a little house."
—George Herbert.

For good or bad we had exchanged our new world for the old—for the world our forefathers had left.

We arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Bond on the day before Thanksgiving, and our first Thanksgiving dinner on the mission field was eaten in their house. At that time they had one child, and, strangely enough, years afterwards that child and her husband ate their first Thanksgiving dinner as missionaries in our house.

The house we were to occupy was not finished until January, and until it was ready we continued to live with Mr. and Mrs. Bond. It was about three-quarters of a mile from theirs. It was on a height in the town, and from it houses and streets slid away in lovely confusion to meet a great plain that rolled away into the distance. From our windows we could see the big domes of the Orthodox churches, the slender needlelike minarets of the mosques, comfortable houses, and shops. The shops were Eastern, and fascinating. The shopkeepers squatted in the doorways in their picturesque garments, with a conglomeration of goods piled on shelves at the back and displayed on a counter in front. Shopping was a leisurely matter, for things had to be sought and found, the time of day passed, and certain courtesies observed. I remember that fine needles were not to be had, and when hooks and eyes were purchased the buyer had to ask for " hooks, male and female."

There were white china buttons, which were a common ornament among the girls, who sewed them on to black braid at regular intervals with thick black thread stitched crossways. They wore this ornament around their necks. The traffic was leisurely, there was lots of time, and in fact there seemed to be a positive objection to hurry.

The view over the immense plain made up for the absence of sea. It was very broad, and was dotted with villages. With our field glasses we could count fifty-two from our front windows. The yards were full of almond trees, which shook out their exquisite blooms in the spring and filled our whole world with beauty and fragrance. Wonderful banks of cloud rolled over the plain into a most colourful distance. They were intimate, lovely clouds, and must have made a great impression on the minds of a romantic people.

A girl was engaged to whitewash for us. Full of pride at the honour, she arrived in her best clothes, wearing beads and bracelets, and flowers in her beautifully braided hair. Her own method of whitewashing was a very good one. She dipped a large piece of sheepskin into the whitewash and then attacked the walls with it, making them white and glistening.

We had brought everything we could think of to the wilds with us, but, alas, we had overlooked two things—we had neither broom nor dustpan. There were only handleless brooms, which made sweeping a back-breaking work. However, we soon remedied this. We had a handle made for the broom, while a local tinsmith was instructed in the art of dustpan making.

As soon as we arrived in Turkey we saw that the most important step was to learn the language. There were very few books, and the one teacher we found was poor and of little help. There was no dictionary, but a former missionary had prepared a book containing a little grammar,

some exercises in reading and writing, and a vocabulary of the words we were most likely to need. The Tract Society's primer proved a help in our first feeble efforts. There were also a hymnbook and the Bible.

Henry devoted himself to the task of learning the language, for he was eager to be of service in the life he had chosen, and not tongue-tied and helpless. His imagination was all afire, and he longed to be among the people, learning their ways and helping them in their difficulties, for he had offered himself with all his heart, regardless of the difficult problems that lay ahead of him.

He lost no opportunity that he thought might loosen his tongue. In those days it was not the usual thing for missionaries to do their own marketing; a boy was kept for that purpose. Henry, however, liked to do things for himself, just as he had done all his life, and so, armed with a shopping basket, off he went to market, delighted because there he must somehow make himself both understand and be understood.

Sometimes he was offered wine as an ordinary courtesy, and on his refusal would come the quick, surprised question: " Are you a Turk, then, that you do not drink wine? "

The natural answer that he was not a Turk but a Protestant bewildered them, for they were puzzled about us. They could not imagine a Christianity that could be interpreted without pictures of the saints, in which people did not make the sign of the cross, where outward and visible signs of our faith were not abundant. This confused their minds and caused them to mistrust us. In those early days their priests were sometimes ignorant men who conducted services by rote rather than by any inner conviction, and some could not read at all. The services were conducted in ancient Greek or ancient Slavic, which the people could not understand, so they seldom heard of a better way of life in their churches, although they were most devout and regu-

lar in attendance. As friends and neighbours they were very nice to us. The women always rose from their doorsteps when we passed, and they treated us with respect.

Here it should be stressed that though the Ottoman policy was one of religious liberty, Christian minorities did not enjoy the confidence of the authorities, nor the full privilege of citizenship. Everyone was required to register his religion and church affiliation. Missionaries working among the Christian minorities were obliged to register the fact that they belonged to the Protestant Evangelical Church. To unlettered people living under the jurisdiction of the Christian Orthodox Church, who had seldom before heard of the divisions among Christians, one was either a Christian, a Mohammedan, or a Jew. In restricted sections of the country where Roman Catholics worked the Protestants and " Papastantes " were vaguely connected in the minds of the people. " Papastantes " were followers of Rome.

It was the beginning of the renaissance of the Balkan peoples, and the Turks did not tyrannize over the Christian population because of their religion, but because of their revolutionary activities in connection with their national aspirations. The Turk, well aware of the dividing effect of religious differences, welcomed and exploited such differences as a major policy in dealing with the minority populations.

Henry, from the very beginning, attempted always to identify his message with that of the Christian Church, but ignorance, suspicion, and the political aspirations of the Orthodox Church through those troubled times kept alive the suspicions of his purpose until toward the end of his life's active work.

We arrived in Eski Zaghra on November 27, and from that day Henry was restless to be off to the villages where he felt his chosen work lay. He was eager to become a living factor in the lives of the people, to know and under-

stand their daily needs. Even before he knew the language, he made his first tour to a village with Mr. Bond early in January. This village was called Merichleri, and he was inspired by the interest and enthusiasm of the Protestant people. He ends a report of January 4, published in the *Missionary Herald* of April, 1873, on a most encouraging note:

"The progress of the truth seems wonderful when we remember that less than a year ago the house in which Mrs. Haskell was staying in the village was stoned. Now the people have a chapel of their own, the first Protestant chapel among the Bulgarians and reared by their own earnest exertions. . . . And not only have they a chapel, but we were permitted to hold large public meetings in it without molestation. Surely we may take courage from what we have seen in Merichleri, and go forward with renewed earnestness, and zeal to the word to which God had called us in this land."

Poor Merichleri, there were troubles in plenty just around the corner, and Henry's next letter will give some idea of the breakers which were ahead for us.

On April 28, of the same year, Henry wrote again:

"The spirit of persecution has again broken out where we thought it had spent its force. The Brethren of Merichleri are in the midst of quite a severe storm. Their new schoolhouse, or chapel, has been pulled down by their fellow villagers. It was, I think, while they were at their evening service, a week ago yesterday, that a mob surrounded their building and began to break in the windows and threaten the life of Mr. Traiche (our helper). He escaped in some way through the window, and the next day the mob deliberately pulled the building down. Mr. Traiche and the brethren immediately went to Cherpan and complained to the authorities. The case is now being tried. A large number of the offenders are in prison, but it remains to be seen what the result will be.

"I suppose the real mover of this outbreak was a man of the baser sort, who was sent a few weeks since from Philippopolis, ostensibly to be teacher at Merichleri, but doubtless the main object in sending him was to root out the Protestants from the village if possible. The rapid progress of the work there has been, for some time, a matter of chagrin to those who oppose the work in Philippopolis as well as in this city. The man seems to have been well chosen for such work. He is a bold, unprincipled, bad man. He gave circulation to absurd and wicked stories about the missionaries and the Protestants, and at last has succeeded in goading on the people to this deed of violence, of which they will now have plenty of time to repent. They threaten, even now, I believe, in their rage, to *kill all the Protestants*. The brethren have been somewhat fearful, and some of the women have been so frightened that they have been sick. Mr. Marsh went to Cherpan immediately after we heard of the trouble, and had not yet returned. Mr. Edwin Locke, of the Samakov mission station, on his return from Constantinople has brought us word of the progress of events. The examination of the witnesses had commenced, and the Turkish Government seemed ready to put the matter through. Mr. Locke mentions one very interesting incident, as showing the noble stand which the Turkish Government is taking on the question of religious liberty. One of the villagers, in his testimony, happened to let slip the exclamation, 'We are not going to have any Protestants there.' Whereupon the Turk, who was conducting the examination, was exceedingly provoked, and burst out into a vehement little speech in favour of toleration, saying the Sultan tolerated the Jew, the Orthodox Greek, the Moslem, and the Protestant; and who was *he* to say they would not have any Protestants in their village.

"The affair is creating a good deal of excitement in Cherpan, has given a good opportunity to Mr. Traiche to preach the truth there, and we hope this persecution will only serve, as others have, to give new impulse to the work in this land."

His prophecy was true; persecution in no way dashed the enthusiastic fervour of the people of Merichleri, as is

clearly shown in the next report, which my husband wrote when he again visited that same village on January 14, 1874:

"Not long since I accompanied one of the missionaries to Merichleri. It was my first preaching tour, and was made especially interesting to me for two reasons. The first of these was that I was able to preach in their new chapel. It is not so very many months since I wrote to you of the destruction of their chapel by a mob of fellow villagers. On the site of the old chapel has risen, thus soon, a new one, which will be much better than the old when finished.

"The second reason was this: the very same bishop who was undoubtedly at the bottom of the late persecution was present in the village at the same time with us. He sent the brothers word that he wished to see them. Certain of them went to see him, and at first he talked in a very conciliatory manner, expressing the desire that they would not separate themselves from their nation. He said they need not keep the fast if they would come back into the bosom of the church, and offered them certain other privileges. But when the matter of bowing down to the pictures in the church came up, he said he could not abate anything from the observance of this custom. The brothers replied that it was impossible to come back and bow down to the pictures. He, however, invited them very graciously to another interview in the evening. More went than in the day. Several questions were brought up for discussion, as, for example, whether children received the Holy Spirit at their baptism, whether the Virgin Mary was a mediator between God and man. The brethren were so ready with their knowledge of the Bible that the bishop was unable to withstand them; and becoming somewhat impatient, he cried out, 'The Scriptures, the Scriptures! You are all the time referring to the Scriptures!' intimating that they knew nothing but the Scriptures!

"You would be pleased to know how they argued with him about the mediatorship of the Virgin Mary. They not only silenced him from the Bible, making him confess that there was only 'one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ

Jesus,' but they showed him how it was inconsistent with reason that Mary could be a mediator between God and man.

"The bishop finally told them that he had called them to inquire whether they would come back into the church, or would persist in their course, and separate themselves from their nation. They replied that they would not come back and observe the forms of the church; and so the next morning, I understand, he cursed all who should have dealings with them. I think the brothers came out of this trial strengthened in their faith rather than weakened."

IV

MAKING FRIENDS

"Come, gi'e me your hand,
We are brethren a'."
—Robert Nicoll.

Like all young people, we had our own ideas about the work, and sometimes these differed from those of our associates. For example, foreigners were not in the habit of asking villagers to eat with them, but Henry believed that he could get much nearer these new friends after they had broken bread with us. "When I go to their houses they give me the very best they have," he would say. "I do not care about doing customary things. When they come to my house, they shall eat with me."

Once when he visited a village he heard that the housewife at the home where he was to stay was much distressed because she thought that she had no food good enough to give him. She drew her husband to one side and said to him, "You know we have only salt goose here."

"No matter," replied the husband. "I only got raw meat at their house"—for so he described our excellent dried smoked beef, which was entirely new to him.

Henry found that shopping was one of the best and quickest methods of picking up new words and idioms, and in a surprisingly short time, by mixing with the people, he learnt to know them.

Once during that first year in Eski Zaghra we had a rather alarming experience. About midnight we were awakened by an uproar. It seemed to us that hundreds of

feet clattered in our direction over the cobbled stones. As they raced along, people shouted and banged on the houses until the night was hideous with noise. This, we thought, is the end! Mr. and Mrs. Bond, three-quarters of a mile away, were our only English-speaking friends. The sound swelled, became more discordant, and finally stopped. In the morning Mr. Bond told us that it was only the beginning of Ramazan, a Turkish holiday, about which he had forgotten to warn us.

During Ramazan the Turks eat only from sunset to sunrise. After the sun has risen neither food nor water may pass their lips until the day is over and the sun sets again. The noise that startled us was the messengers who were always sent racing through the city to wake up the bakers and see that the food was prepared so that it could be eaten before sunrise. But what a hubbub those messengers made!

As we became more versed in the ways of the country we found much to fascinate us. When callers came I dispensed hospitality in the manner of the country, serving my guests with a spoonful of jam, followed by a glass of water. The hostess offers this refreshment herself, standing in front of each guest in turn with a small tray on which are a glass of jam, a glass of spoons, and two or three glasses of water. As it is offered, you say, " May it be sweet to you."

" For many years," replies the guest to his hostess.

When the jam is eaten, and the water sipped, the spoon is placed into a half glass of water, and the hostess passes on to the next guest.

I think the poorer families kept only enough sugar in the house to serve their guests with coffee, so that when a barrel of sugar arrived as a present to me from America there was intense excitement among my neighbours.

It was the custom in America at that time for a wife to take her husband's arm when out walking and I continued

to do this in Eski Zaghra until I learnt that my neighbours were saying that I held it to prevent him from running away from me.

Our troubles began when we moved to our own house. By that time the street boys had discovered that our knowledge of Bulgarian consisted of little more than the sentence, "*Nay-rasberam*" ("I do not understand"). They would gather in knots at the street corners and call these words after us in drawling tones.

It is a mistake to imagine young missionaries enduring such petty persecutions with humble joy! Sometimes we did laugh; but it was a disagreeable experience and not soothing to the temper.

We were out walking one day after Henry had been memorizing a new Bulgarian idiom, and when the boys began calling after us he thought it so appropriate that he turned quickly, and shouted, "Gather up your mind." It acted like magic; the boys gave us no more trouble.

Children came shyly to us, drawn at first by curiosity to see the foreign bride's new things, and by springtime I had a small Sunday-school class. They liked to sing hymns. Sometimes they stole things, and then later brought them back.

The old people who owned our home lived in a room on the place and reserved half the yard for themselves. They had put a fence of twigs across this yard and Mr. Marsh planted morning-glories there. In July they were intensely blue, and I shall never forget how they looked on the morning my first baby was born. This baby, John Henry, Jr., but Harry to us, came on July 24, 1873, and changed the world for us.

When Harry was six weeks old Henry decided to go on a tour to the villages again, and I decided to go too, for I hated to be left alone. It was our first missionary journey together, and no easy matter with so young a baby.

We borrowed Mr. Bond's carriage, and set out for the town of Yamboul, where there was an Evangelical community. We spent the first night at a town called Yene Zaghra, reaching there just at dark. I suppose our minds were inclined to dwell on the *bashi-bazouks,* who were very active just then, and as we approached the town we saw through the gloom a line of black figures drawn across the road and on either side. There seemed nothing to do but to go on in spite of our anxiety. So we put on as brave a face as possible and went to meet the waiting men. Men, I have called them, but they turned out to be a small herd of water buffaloes which had managed to arrange themselves in military order at almost exact distances from each other.

Harry slept that night in a cradle swung from the low ceiling. Such cradles are made of cloth, rolled over a wooden frame. The mother sleeps below with a string dangling over her head, and she can keep the cradle swinging without undue trouble to herself, any moment, day or night.

When Harry was ten months old we took him on another tour. We expected to be gone for about a month, spending most of the time at Yamboul. We made a detour on our way there so as to visit other villages.

At the first village we expected to be the guests of the village priest. He had repeatedly asked us to visit him, for his son had attended our mission school. Probably he invited us out of a spirit of politeness and never expected us to take him seriously, but we did not know this. We reached the village on St. George's Day, an important church holiday. If we had been experienced we would not have chosen such a time for our appearance, and things might have gone better. We found that the priest was away; but we went to his house and were politely received by his wife. Then a crowd gathered and threatened to burn

the house down if we remained. The poor woman was very much frightened. So great was her spirit of hospitality that she did not suggest that we should leave, but I said we would go and sit in our carriage.

The women of the village had not seen foreign women before, and they crowded close to see my clothes and my baby. They were very gaily dressed in their holiday clothes, and must have thought my dark blue walking suit very somber. Their garments were most beautifully embroidered and their movements, as they danced, full of colour. They seemed more inquisitive than unfriendly as they gathered around, but soon the men ran up with long poles, shouting at the women, and drove them away. In the meantime Henry was busy finding a lodging for the night. He showed them the Sultan's firman. This was not to be ignored, and the head man suggested that we should go to his house for the night; but his wife declared that she would leave if we entered it.

Here was a plight—night coming on, a hostile crowd, and only an open carriage to shelter us. The poor head man was at his wit's end, but finally he took us to the home of a woman with married sons. Here we were served with rice and lamb, set out on a short-legged table. We sat around the low table on the floor and ate the rice and brown bread, all dipping into the same big dish. After we had eaten, we went out to see the village dances, but as soon as we appeared the people stopped, and we returned to the house.

This time our reception was different. The two daughters-in-law had returned and they rushed toward me, threatening me with heavy sticks as I stood still with my baby in my arms. The sticks never fell, but I was horribly frightened. Then they seized our heavy carriage and dragged it to the far end of the village. It was now dark, but I think the priest must have returned, for we were

taken to the house of a poor widow, and kindly received. A little later the priest's son crept in to see us, with two loaves of bread. "I have come," he said, "like Nicodemus, at night."

Our Turkish drivers refused to take us to the next village, so we went directly to Yamboul, where there was an Evangelical community, and we were gladly welcomed by our friends. They knew what it was to be persecuted. As I went with a friend to the women's prayer meeting, the street boys ran after us, making the noise used by the donkey drivers to encourage their small beasts to hasten.

Long afterwards we learned that the widow in whose home we had found shelter that night and her two sons had become earnest Christians, and that it was in the home from which we had been so roughly driven that the Evangelical meetings were held.

Our visit in Yamboul was very pleasant, although Henry's knowledge of the language was far from fluent and he was obliged to write his sermons. Years later he received a letter from a friend, who said that a sermon he had preached in Yamboul at that time had been the means under God of leading him to Christ. This letter came at a time when the work seemed very discouraging and was a great joy to the tired worker.

Many women visitors came to our home. They were particularly ignorant then. When they came to visit us they were afraid to sit on our cane-seated chairs for fear they would fall through. We used to entertain our visitors by showing them stereoscopic views. At first they were afraid to look at the pictures for fear that the stereoscope was a machine for making them Protestants. They were astonished when they saw pictures of a monument of Washington and the houses near it, and learnt that it was the street where I had lived. Stories were afloat that missionaries were people who were so poor in America that they

had to grind corn between stones to eat, and had come to Bulgaria to live in fine houses. The fine houses were innocent of paint, and we had to catch the rain water that poured through our ceiling in pails, because it was too expensive to fix the roof properly.

In times of necessity the women came and asked to be written down as Protestants, for they thought they would be taken care of. We had to explain that this was not what it meant to be a Protestant. One day a man told Henry that he would turn a whole village Protestant if he would pay him a certain sum. He too had failed to understand our mission.

When a genuine request came to the missionaries to go to a village, Bible women were sent first, in order to work among the women and gain their confidence. These Bible women also gave advice in many household matters, teaching them better methods of washing and cleaning, and did really wonderful work, which paved the way for the missionaries to follow. After the Bible women established themselves and had a friendly following, Bulgarian preachers went and took up the work, encouraging and pushing it forward. It was to these centers that the missionaries went, carrying further inspiration with them by their encouragement and sympathy.

When we were discouraged in our efforts to understand the language and the ways of the country we tried to remember that it lay with us to make opportunities. Naturally, discouraging things happened. Even the missionaries could not always see eye to eye. We were of various ages and outlook, and were all very serious about our work. We were, however, serving the same Master, and differences were soon settled. I remember when I first attended a mission meeting and listened to the rather heated discussions, how surprised I was to see these disputants laughing and talking together after the meeting was over. The

questions had been settled by a majority vote, so there was nothing more to be said.

The people of the country were not very particular about keeping Sunday. After going to church in the early morning, the day was a holiday. We, on the other hand, kept Sunday very strictly, and as little work as possible was done on that day. When people of importance wished to call it was customary for them to send word and ask if the day suggested was convenient for us to receive them. So if the Turkish governor proposed a Sunday visit, we would excuse ourselves and ask him kindly to appoint another day. We were rather like the American Indian who stood so straight that he bent backwards.

I once heard Henry Ward Beecher say something like this: " If you are carrying a full pan of milk and it spills over on one side, it will go over on the other." Something like this often happened when our friends and students tried to carry out the teachings of the missionaries. They had not been used to keeping Sunday at all strictly, and after the early morning service were often inclined to go to the other extreme. We felt that Sunday was given as a day of joy and rest, as well as for spiritual development, and it needed both wisdom and tact to present our point of view to these " Followers," as they liked to call themselves.

V

INSURRECTIONS AND WAR

"Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew."
—WHITTIER, "The Hero."

WE had both worked hard at the language, although I naturally did not devote myself to it with the singleness of purpose that my husband did. But I longed for a change, and Henry, although always loath to consider himself, felt that a change was necessary for me. We also were very anxious to get a picture of our baby, so we decided to go to Constantinople, for we felt that a visit to the Schaufflers would refresh us. It did not occur to us that we should ask permission to go, for we planned and carried out our own work, which at that time was in most part studying the language in order to more quickly become useful missionaries.

Mr. Bond was much too kind to dash our spirits, and he let us go with never a hint to the effect that we were transgressing against all mission precedent. However, he made it clear on our return that such a visit should have been discussed by the group before we left, and that once on the field we were not expected to leave it for frivolous purposes. But what a good time we had, and how it invigorated us. Most important of all we were able to have Harry's photograph taken to send to our families in America.

Our next journey was to the annual meeting in Samakov, where the different problems of the work in the various centers were discussed and thrashed out. This gave us a bird's-eye view of the whole field.

Some time before we arrived at Eski Zaghra a Girls' School had been started, but before we reached our station it had been moved to Samakov, where a group of missionaries were engaged in training both girls and young men, the latter as preachers and leaders for village work. We were delighted to be chosen to attend the annual meeting there, for it meant a change and meeting other Americans.

From Eski Zaghra the journey to Samakov took two days by *talika,* and although Harry was only a year old, the thought of the journey thrilled us and we set off with gay hearts to the annual meeting.

We stopped at night at a little khan, but the best part of it was taken by a German engineer and his wife and baby. There was only a little room at the back for us, which was without glass in the windows.

On the way back we arrived at this khan to find that trouble had overtaken this family, and the baby had just died. They wanted it buried by a Protestant, and we came just in time for Henry to help them. They were so thankful that we were willing to stay another day to hold the service for them.

This annual meeting stands out in my memory because of its importance in our lives. It was there decided that Henry should be transferred from Eski Zaghra to Samakov. I do remember that both Henry and Mr. Bond opposed our transfer, for Henry believed that he would be more effective if he devoted himself to work in the villages, and he did not want to be drawn into the routine of institutional life. He had struggled with the language because of the village work. It was with this thought and purpose that he went with stumbling speech to the houses and to the market place. Now that his tongue was loosened he wanted to use it to help these people, but it was decided otherwise. Henceforth, he was to study other problems, while he was still youthful and plastic and could give as

well as guide. Here again the vote of the majority in the mission ruled.

We went back to Eski Zaghra from the annual meeting only to pack our things for our move to Samakov. Our return to Samakov brought us yet a third time to the khan after a tedious journey, and I shall never forget the greeting we got from those friendly Germans, who knew we were coming this time and had prepared for us. How thankful I was for the meal of hot chicken which was ready on our arrival, and for the delicious hot coffee.

The group of missionaries at Samakov was larger than at Eski Zaghra. There were Mr. and Mrs. James F. Clarke and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Locke; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pitt Page were later moved to Eski Zaghra to take our place; Miss Esther Maltbie, Principal of the Girls' School, and Mrs. Annie Mumford, one of the teachers. Last, but not least, was the group of children in the various families.

Samakov was a small mountain town about four thousand feet above the sea. It was surrounded by mountains. To get to and out of it mountains had to be crossed. The railway came to within fifteen miles of the town, but the distance seemed much greater, as the road to it climbed tediously up and down high mountains. On one occasion our driver was drunk, and he galloped his horses down these mountains in the most terrifying manner. The *talika,* full of children, pitched and swayed, but, somehow, he managed to negotiate the difficult and precipitous places.

The city of Samakov was interesting and quaint. The water was piped to the houses from the river through pipes of pine wood. These lengths of pine had two- to three-inch holes bored through them and were clamped together with iron. The water poured through them into our kitchen in a steady flow, so that there was always the music of running water in the house, and if ever the flow had to be stopped for repairs the place seemed strangely silent.

The school campus was on the main street of the town. This street slanted toward the middle and was cobbled. On great occasions, or after the haying, the Iska River was turned on to the road and it was washed clean. When this happened the women would run out of their houses and diligently brush all the rubbish and dust into the center, and it was carried off by the water. When Prince Alexander visited the city he stayed with a wealthy man living on this main street. They not only washed it out for him, but covered the cobblestones over with fresh sand from the river, so that the carriage would go along smoothly. They also went to the pine forest of Cham Korea and cut down large pine trees, which they planted on both sides all the way along the road to the house where he was to stay.

The houses were not painted, but every Saturday the women would scrub the woodwork, the floors, the doors, and their cupboards. This was done with brick dust which made the wood look like pinkish satin. Marble bowls stood at intervals along the streets, and the women would pound broken pieces of tiles in them for their Saturday scrubbing. The doors of the houses were often decorated with little irregular panels of wood of various sizes and shapes arranged in patterns. They looked very pretty with the pink satin finish, even though they were often made with the roughest latches and were sometimes quite crooked as well. The cupboards inside the houses, where the bed rolls were stored each day, were made in the same manner.

Cham Korea, which means a mountain of pines, was very beautiful. People often went there for picnics after Bulgaria was free. A road was eventually built from Cham Korea to the railway station. I once travelled over it and found it wonderfully interesting, for it wound round and round a great pine tree, something like a circular stairway. The road actually began at the roots of this forest giant, and turned round it many times, until it ended when it had

nearly reached the topmost branches, just as if the one great tree was the central pivot.

Christmas in Samakov stands out vividly in my memory. The long vacation was in the winter because it was only at that time the people were not busy in the fields. It was also during the winter vacation that the missionaries toured the country to preach and to inspire the Bulgarian preachers and leaders. How I dreaded these extended tours, which took my husband away into dangerous and isolated places.

There were very few means of communication in those early days, and from the time they left, until their return a couple of weeks later, nothing was heard of them. In imagination I said good-bye forever, for I had the liveliest horror of the *bashi-bazouks*.

At Christmas time in Samakov pigs were sold in the churchyard to avoid shocking the Turks. The other wives of the missionaries were older than I, and were good housekeeping New Englanders. They bought up whole pigs and made all sorts of things out of them, with an eye to the future—souse, headcheese, sausages, and smoked hams. I knew nothing of all this work, but I felt I would be poor in spirit and achievement if I did not do likewise. As I prepared the pork my mind was on the day after Christmas, when the missionaries would set out, and for me souse and sausages were associated with those tours.

By this time we were used to the country. Henry spoke the language more freely. We were not as inexperienced as when we first arrived and we no longer confused the donkey with the well bucket. How Mr. and Mrs. Bond had laughed at us over that, and we with them. For weeks we had listened to the dreadful sound of what we believed to be the women working the long wooden handles with which they pump their water from the wells. We could not understand how they could bear the sound, and one day

we spoke to Mr. Bond about it, suggesting it would be well to grease it. How amused he was. "Why," he cried, "your well handle is your neighbor's donkey braying!"

How could we know! We had never heard the agonized note of distress with which a donkey airs its wrongs to an indifferent world.

The houses were surrounded with high walls, and on top of the walls on the sides overlooking our Turkish neighbours, were fences of high broad palings. These were called *perdá,* or curtain fences, and were there for the purpose of preventing people from looking over into each other's gardens, where the Turkish women might be taking the air.

One night not long before the Russo-Turkish war, when everyone's nerves were on edge, we were awakened by a rain of bullets on these fences. It sounded just like an attack. Then we began to think it might be Ramazan. There was a mosque which we could see from our windows, so we ran to look. The mosque was alight, and we knew that word had come from Constantinople to tell the people that the moon was in the right position for Ramazan to begin. The shots were expressions of joy on the part of our Moslem neighbours, though they may have been a warning as well.

It was not surprising that we were nervous, for it was a time when feelings were very tense. The schoolboys would pass Turks sharpening their knives in the streets, and were told that Protestants would be massacred first. One evening we were in the garden, and bullets, shot to frighten people, whirled over our heads.

In 1875 the insurrection of Herzegovina added to the feelings smouldering among the Slavic people, and Bulgaria did not escape from the general enthusiasm. The people craved a free Bulgaria, and they worked secretly and constantly for this end, though every now and then the sim-

mering fire would burst into sudden flames that led to disaster.

It is interesting for us to remember that we were present at the birth of the Bulgarian nation. It was in the throes of travail when we first reached the Balkans, and from that time on things grew more tense. Patriots on the run turned to brigandage. They harried their political enemies but were aided by their friends, so that it was most difficult for authority to deal with them, for in one place they were heroes, while they terrorized in another. Finally, things were so bad that even newcomers could sense how tense the situation had become. All sufficient to ourselves at that time, we became aware that great events were pending.

Foremost among the many Bulgarian poets was Botoff. He did much to arouse patriotism by his poems throughout the country. They became household words. One poem which was particularly stirring was:

"Kindle in me, God Almighty,
Burning love for human freedom.
Help me fight with dauntless courage,
The enslavers of my people.

"When the clans arise from slumber,
Make me one of thy bold warriors;
Take my life, give others freedom."

The offer of his life was accepted, for he was killed later on in his country's struggle for freedom.

Years after Bulgaria was free, I once visited a house where the woman told me of the narrow escape her household had had from the Turks. Her men folk were engaged in an inner room in her house making bullets. They poured the melted lead into metal moulds, and as these opened and shut they made a loud clapping sound. During their activities the woman was petrified by a visit from

Turks. They came into the outer room and began to talk to her, and all the time her straining ears could hear the rattle and clap of the bullet moulds in the inner room. She knew very well that discovery meant death, but full of courage she carried on a conversation with her visitors. She told them her men were away, chatting hospitably as they sipped their coffee, while all the time her heart pounded with fright. Suddenly one man held up his hand for silence: "What was that noise?"

"Ah," said the woman in an indifferent voice, "that noise is the baby's cradle rocking in the next room. There is a loose board, and when the cradle rocks it makes that noise."

The Turks accepted her explanation.

The revolt in Raslog, a district of some size, brought disaster to many people. Protestants who escaped from the Turks after the trouble which followed this revolt came to us. One of our first Protestant churches was at Bansko, in the Raslog district, and the refugees from there came to Samakov to escape the vengeance of the Turks after the uprising. Of course, we had no power to protect them, but it so happened that the Turks meant only to revenge themselves on the people they found in the village, so those who came to us were safe. For a few days I kept a table set with food practically all the time, so that people would have something to eat on arrival.

Our Gate House was empty, and the missionaries converted this into a place for the refugees. Straw was thickly spread over the boards in the main room and was kept in place by nailing sacking over the straw. It was here they slept until they found homes. We collected all the old clothing we could and gave it out. We also formed a small sewing society among our church members, and each member gave what little money she could afford toward the relief of the people.

One of these refugee women was so poor she could afford to buy only beggar's bread. Begging was a profession then, and at least one man went around on horseback to beg. Beggars always asked for bread for the good of the giver's soul, and so very few liked to refuse. Quantities of this stale bread were gathered and sold in the market. This woman told me that though she bought only beggar's bread, she had to refuse to give any to her children between meals, but she cheerfully gave her mite.

"Oh," she said, "I often think of the potatoes, beans, cotton, and wool we left behind in our cellars, and yet when we were at home we thought we were too poor to give very much to the Lord!" Later her son was to help Henry rescue Miss Stone, a missionary who was captured by brigands.

While all this was going on, Henry was working hard in the school, organizing, teaching, taking his part in the mission work, touring when his turn came, and constantly working to improve his knowledge of the language.

A short lull in political affairs ended, and flared up again into the massacre at Batak, which horrified the whole Christian world. It sent Gladstone on his famous tour with the Midlothian speeches, calling on people to turn the Turks "bag and baggage" out of Europe.

Immediately after we got the news of the massacre, Mr. Clarke went there to see what had happened. On his return he told us of the terrible condition of the people after the place had been sacked. We closed the Girls' School for several days and sewed steadily trying to make enough clothing to give appreciable help to the people.

We had a very fine Turkish governor, and he had very capable and broad-minded men under him. They managed to keep things quiet in Samakov, though the people must have been at boiling point. Once when Henry went marketing a soldier threatened him with his gun, but when

Henry looked steadily at him he lowered it and allowed him to go on unmolested.

Although stirred up over the Batak massacre, the Great Powers shilly-shallied among themselves, and only Russia rushed into the fray by declaring war on Turkey. Queen Victoria was still very bitter toward Russia over the Crimean War, and held England back from taking any action, in spite of Gladstone's fiery speeches, which were stirring people all over England.

The furore in England was terrific. Gladstone was all for a free Bulgaria, but the Powers were afraid of each other and hesitated to act. The even tenor of life in Samakov itself continued under the wise guidance of our governor and the better Turkish element in the town.

Russian armies marched toward Turkey, full of zeal to free the Bulgarians, who were only too eager to join in where possible.

Dr. Clarke was doing fine work in the most distressed areas, and was relieved of his other duties, and this threw double duty on Henry and Mr. Locke at the school. But, somehow, they carried on, in spite of the turmoil and the threatened Russian invasion. They were glad to make it possible for Mr. Clarke to carry on this work.

Winter turned into spring, and then summer came and found the country not only in the throes of war, but facing the possibility of a general Bulgarian uprising. An advance detachment of Russians made a spectacular raid through the Shipka Pass, and occupied Eski Zaghra for a short time. Our fears for the missionaries there were not without cause.

During the occupation of the town the Turkish people were naturally afraid of reprisals, not only from the Russian soldiers, but from the Bulgarian population. Therefore, they remained in their houses. Mr. Bond, who was on friendly terms with his Turkish neighbour, bought bread for him and passed it secretly to him through the little gate,

which was called the " Neighbour's Gate." It was pierced in the walls between the houses, making it possible for people to slip from house to house without going into the streets. There was another small gate in the big street gate, called the " Needle's Eye," thus named because it was not big enough to let a camel pass through.

After the Russians withdrew from Eski Zaghra, the tide turned the other way. It now became unsafe for Christians to venture out. The Turks were bent on vengeance, and one day Circassian soldiers rushed into Mr. Bond's yard and were about to kill him when the " Neighbour's Gate " opened and in came the Turkish neighbour. He flung his arms around Mr. Bond, crying, " You cannot kill him! " He begged for mercy for him, and told the soldiers how Mr. Bond had stood by him in his hour of need, and brought bread to him. Finally, a sum of money was agreed upon and his life was spared. The missionaries were ordered to leave the city at once, or they would be killed.

What a flight that was! They were bundled hastily into carriages with Turkish drivers! No time was given to snatch up anything but a few tins of milk for the very small children. Hatless, in old calico dresses, the women of the party took the road, and thus they made the long journey to Constantinople! Only the children had enough food, and for part of the journey the rest had nothing to eat but raw wheat gathered by the wayside and rubbed between their hands as they drove on.

These happenings made our friends in Constantinople most uneasy about us. They urged that the women and children from our station be sent to Constantinople, but we hesitated to leave our husbands, for though work had grown most difficult we knew that they would not easily be persuaded to leave the place. Finally, Mr. Pettibone, the treasurer of the mission in Constantinople, decided to come for us and to take us back.

I shall never forget his arrival. Full of anxiety and concern for us, he was dishevelled from the train journey and his drive to us. When he arrived, Henry and I and our small baby were the only ones at home. The others had gone on a picnic. I have often smiled at what his feelings must have been to find the beleaguered missionaries at a picnic, while the world, as they knew it, was breaking to pieces. We took him in, refreshed him with food and coffee, and then we took him with us to the picnic.

Soon after he returned to Constantinople it was decided that we should leave Samakov, for by that time touring the villages had become impossible, and most of the students in the schools had gone home. It was decided that two of the men should remain behind to hold the property while the rest of us left.

Mr. Locke was one of those who remained, and Mr. Jenney, who had come from Monastir. Our little daughter was then only six weeks old and was christened on the Sunday before we left. We were sorry to leave the people, who crowded around us to say good-bye.

We took two Bulgarian maids with us. One was engaged to be married to a man who had gone to America, and I remember the letter which he sent me before we left, begging me to take her with us if we left Samakov. "I trust her to your care," he wrote. "My sister Garna I leave in the care of the Lord."

Besides our family, were Mrs. Locke and her children, and the two maids. Mr. Clarke was ill and his family had left earlier. Henry was in charge of us all on the long journey.

The first part of the journey was uneventful. The weather was pleasant. When we got to the guardhouse where Henry usually stopped for Turkish coffee, a chat with the guard, and to give an account of his movements, we found the place crowded with *bashi-bazouks*. A

dilemma indeed! We decided that it was better to drive straight on without stopping, for at that time the *bashi-bazouks* were more dangerous than ever. We had gone only a short distance beyond the guardhouse when a man ran to call us back. Henry and the Turkish drivers insisted that we stay with the children while he went back alone. I put in the worst half hour of my life waiting for his return. I could not see the guardhouse. All I could do was to strain my ears for what might follow. Finally, Henry walked back in the most nonchalant manner, as if he had not been playing with life and death. What diplomacy he used I do not know, for they demanded that, although we might go on, the two Bulgarian girls must be sent back. This was an impossible situation, for how could we hand them over to the tender mercies of the *bashi-bazouks?* Had they insisted we would all have had to turn back.

Henry had the knack of meeting people with a smile and pleasant words, and these added to a few pence for Turkish coffee settled the matter.

In the afternoon we drove into a tragedy. A party of Circassians had captured a poor man with a load of produce. Our drivers hurried on as fast as they could, leaving the poor man to his fate.

We spent the night at Tattazazarjak with Evangelical friends. In the morning several men of the church came to see us. They were in great distress, pale and overwrought, for they brought us dreadful news. Seven of their countrymen had been hung from their windows that morning and no one knew when their turn might come. When we drove to the railway station a little later I saw one of those poor men in the distance. I drew the children's heads under cover on my lap, but the Bulgarian maid was so curious that she had to look. The sight so frightened her that she did not recover until we were safely in Constantinople.

VI

THE TREATY OF SAN STEFANO

"It was rather a cessation of war than a beginning of peace."
—TACITUS.

I MAY not have made it very clear about the sequence of events leading to our flight to Constantinople, and although it runs ahead of my story I am going to quote from Henry's own account of the political situation:

"In 1872, Sultan Abdul Aziz was upon the throne of Turkey, and to me everything outwardly seemed unexpectedly quiet. The Sultan seemed peacefully inclined. His greatest fault, as I learned afterwards, was his ruinous extravagance. He had a harem of nine hundred wives and could not easily reduce the number at the recommendation of his council. I was soon to learn that peaceful appearances were deceptive.

"It must have been early in 1874, or perhaps late in 1873, that an upheaval of some kind occurred in Constantinople, which caused the suicide, or so-called suicide, of Abdul Aziz, and the coming to the throne of his brother Mourad, his legal successor. He showed liberal tendencies and was very soon removed by Fetiva of the Sheik-ul-Islam as being incompetent mentally. Then came to the throne Abdul Hamid II, the long-lived, sometimes called the bloody Sultan. He was perhaps one of the keenest and most successful of the Sultans in thwarting the European powers in their attempts to introduce reform into the European provinces of the Empire.

"In 1875, in the town of Vevesinje of the province of Herzegovina, a revolution broke out against the Turkish authorities which aroused the attention not only of all Europe, but especially of all the Balkan peoples. It lasted more than a year

before it was suppressed. The cruelties with which this was done caused the exit from their homes and flight into Austria of some ten thousand or more of the people of that part of the Turkish Empire. This revolution seems to have been the trumpet-call to action of other Slavs who were ill-prepared to expose themselves to the powerful Turkish army and their unscrupulously cruel horde of *bashi-bazouks,* who usually followed the army.

" In 1876, Serbia and Montenegro declared war on Turkey. This was disastrous to Serbia, for the Turkish armies and *bashi-bazouks* easily defeated her armies, and the few advantages which Montenegro gained were of no special benefit to that country. In that same year we were to see the terrible happenings among the Bulgarian peasants of the Maritza valley near the city of Tartar Pazarjak. Many villages were partly burned or destroyed, many people were killed or wounded. Among these villages Batak suffered almost unbelievable cruelties in the massacre of its inhabitants. These cruelties aroused all of Europe, but especially England, for England had been friendly to Turkey. So great was the excitement that the great liberal statesman, Gladstone, created a great feeling against the Turks by his renowned Midlothian speeches, and advised the turning of them out of Europe ' bag and baggage.'

" As these cruel happenings occurred in places near us in Samakov we decided that the Rev. J. F. Clarke should go among the villages to distribute relief funds which had been raised among British friends. He did a very fine constructive work among the suffering which extended far beyond the year 1876.

" The great publicity given to these cruelties by newspaper correspondents led to a conference of the six Great Powers at Constantinople—England, France, Russia, Germany, Italy and Turkey—in which a memorandum was drawn up with a map attached for a large autonomous province called Bulgaria, which included the Bulgarians of Thrace and Macedonia. It was recommended to Turkey that this province should be autonomous, with a governor appointed by Turkey but with the approval of the Powers. Turkey, of course, was opposed to this, and refused to put it into operation, and because the other

Powers all hesitated to take any action, the Tsar of Russia decided to declare war upon Turkey to force her to put the recommendations into effect.

"The Russo-Turkish War began in 1877 and was not over until March, 1878, and was one of the great wars of these times. It caused the wounding and death of thousands of Russians, Turks, Bulgarians, and Roumanians—for Roumania too finally joined the Russians when the siege of Plevna was baffling the Russian army and holding up the war. Plevna finally fell, after which the advance of the Russians was very rapid. Very soon they were in Adrianople, and soon after they were at the gates of Constantinople. The people who suffered were not only the soldiers on the battlefield. All over the Balkan peninsula, Bulgarians and others who were suspected of siding with Russia were imprisoned, some were hung, and others were banished to the Turkish dominions of Asia and Africa.

"Our school at Samakov was at a standstill. It was impossible to keep up regular exercises in a place like Samakov, which was in the line of march of both the victorious and the defeated armies, so all but two men of our station were sent to Constantinople. It was arranged that I should take over the editorial work on the Bulgarian paper, *The Morning Star*. In addition to my regular work in the Bible House, and because I was assisted by able helpers in the editorial office, I was able to visit the prisons in Constantinople. They were so full that there was scarcely place for the prisoners to lie down at night to sleep. They were without change of clothing, many were ill with sore eyes, and their sufferings were so great that we of our mission made an effort to collect money for their relief. Mrs. Locke and my wife busied themselves with cutting out and making garments for the poor fellows who were being eaten up with vermin and suffering the most. Fortunately the Armenians were still in favour with the Turks. The bundles for the prisoners were carried, therefore, by an Armenian porter, and with a little bakshish to the Turkish guard at the gates of the prison, I was able to get this relief to the prisoners within. As I was familiar with the language of the prisoners, I inquired for the teachers among them. I chose some of them, whom I considered trust-

worthy, to be agents for the distribution among the most needy. Thus we were able to do a large work of relief among the people in the Constantinople prisons.

" Meanwhile, the Russian armies were at San Stefano, only a little way from the gates of the city. The Turks obtained an armistice and very soon the Russian Commissioners were busy making terms of peace with Turkey. At this point I realized I was in need of a go-between, between myself and the Commissioners who were making the treaty, in order to make sure that the treaty contained the articles necessary for the relief of the prisoners and the political exiles. I could not approach the British Ambassador, because I could not count on his influence with the Russians. Fortunately, I found a friend in Prince Reuss, the German Ambassador, to whom the Russian Government had committed the care of all Russian interests in Turkey at the beginning of the war. I found him not only courteous but also a Christian gentleman of broad sympathies with the suffering. I inquired of him if the Russian Commissioners had inserted in the treaty, which was now nearly completed, an article for the freeing of all prisoners and political exiles in the Turkish empire. He informed me that it had been overlooked and at my suggestion he gladly approached the Commissioners on this matter, and the necessary article was inserted. I learned afterwards that even prisoners in the Sahara Desert were freed by that article.

" I was still visiting the prisoners and I found that I could get the names of some ninety-four people in one of the prisons through one of the teachers that I knew. I asked the German Ambassador if he had any influence with the Turkish Government, if he would suggest the freeing of these prisoners immediately instead of waiting for the treaty to be put into operation. He answered that he had no official influence but that he might be officious and agreed to make the suggestion. He said he needed the names and places of residence of these men, which I told him I could secure. I did secure them and gave them to him, which resulted in their liberation.

" England and Germany, but especially England, were disturbed about the treaty of San Stefano and Disraeli succeeded in

getting Bismarck to interest the Powers to act with him in getting a new conference for a revision of the treaty. They were afraid that this treaty would give predominant influence to Russia in the Balkans. This Conference was called to meet in Berlin in July, 1878. Russia was finally persuaded to revise the San Stefano treaty, which was replaced by the Treaty of Berlin. This treaty eliminated the Thracian part, making it instead a province of Turkey called Eastern Roumelia, which was to have a Turkish governor, but of Christian faith. This arrangement proved fatal to any permanent peace.

"In 1885 the time was ripe for the revolution in Eastern Roumelia, which declared itself united with Bulgaria under Prince Alexander of Battenburg. Prince Alexander accepted this declaration of the rulers of Eastern Roumelia, visited the province, and received the acclamations of the population.

"Turkey immediately mobilized her troops and pushed them to the eastern borders of Bulgaria, threatening to occupy that province. Prince Alexander immediately moved the Bulgarian troops toward that border. In the meantime the whirligig of political policy had swung Russia against Bulgaria in this move, and England, which had been somewhat cold toward her, became her friend. The wrath of the Tsar's government had shown itself in withdrawing all the Russian officers from the Bulgarian army, leaving that army crippled for want of men fitted to command it. At this critical period, when the Bulgarian army, with the Prince at its head, was in Eastern Roumelia, the Serbian Government massed its troops on the Bulgarian border of the west, without even declaring war until they were well over the border.

"Everything seemed lost for Bulgaria. It was then that Prince Alexander showed his spirit. His army was now reorganized with Bulgarian officers, and upon hearing of the invasion of the Serbians he felt justified in leaving the eastern boundaries to themselves and rushed his troops to the west. They were terribly wearied with the forced march, but after a short rest in the night he threw them against the Serbian army at Slivnitza, routing them in a most remarkable way, so that they fled back over the border, retreating toward Nish. The Bulgarian army

followed fast upon their heels, driving them beyond Nish, and would have driven them on toward Belgrade if they had not been stopped by the Austrian Government with the warning not to go further. Naturally, Prince Alexander now became a hero in the eyes of his adopted country.

" Russia and Russophile Bulgarians were too strong to allow things to stand thus, and successfully carried out the plot of kidnapping the Prince. They arrested him in his palace and forced him to write his abdication, and then carried him off to Russia. A Russophile Ministry was put in power, with the Archbishop at its head, and success seemed to have crowned the new *coup d'état.*

" This lawless and bold attack upon the person of their Prince aroused the loyal Bulgarians to boiling point. The President of the Assembly, Stambouloff, immediately called together the troops in northern Bulgaria, marched upon Sofia, dissolved the reactionary ministry, and took charge of affairs. He sent a loyal committee to find the Prince and bring him back. They succeeded in their plan, even though he had been taken across the border into Russia, and they brought him back in triumph to Sofia. The Prince, however, felt that his place there was compromised by the enmity of his relative, the Tsar. He also felt that Bulgaria herself would not be able to prosper without the friendship of Russia, and so, much to the regret of his loyal subjects, he insisted upon abdicating. This abdication took place on September 7, 1886. After a considerable time of doubt and perplexity as to what to do, the Great Assembly was called together at a special meeting of Tirnovo, and succeeded in electing Ferdinand of Coburg, a relative of Louis Philippe, for their Prince."

Now to go back. In Constantinople we lived in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Bliss, missionaries who had gone on furlough to America. The weekly and monthly Evangelical papers which my husband was to edit were printed in Bulgarian. One was called *The Morning Star.* This paper is the oldest newspaper in Bulgaria. It was published at a time when no other newspapers were per-

mitted in the Bulgarian language. Strangely enough, its name has passed into the language itself, and has come to mean a word signifying " give me paper." This is perhaps not so curious as it may appear, for in those early days paper was very precious to the housewife, for there was little to be had. She would beg for *Morning Star* until it became a common idiom which meant a request for paper.

I remember well with what misgivings the editor of *The Morning Star* turned over his precious charge to my husband before he left for a short vacation. He was somewhat mistrustful of youthful enthusiasm, and I believe was fearful that it would not be steered safely through the troubled days in the hands of someone without editorial experience at the helm.

He need not have feared. Perhaps few men knew better than my husband the craving in the hearts of the village people, not only for the news of the world in which they lived, but also for light, and more light. That paper was read from beginning to end, and was discussed at length by groups of men in the cafés, who were never too tired to gather and listen. It was read as few newspapers are read today, or ever will be again. It was a paper in which they believed. To them in those days the printed word carried great weight. Here was a chance to be seized by one as eager to spread the truth as my husband, and he saw to it that while he was editor no edition of the paper was ever released without some message of truth and light—some little story, some unfolding of the divine plan, in a manner that would be attractive to the minds of the eager readers. I have heard him say that he believed he enjoyed this more than any branch of work he had undertaken. " I have," he said once, " a larger congregation to speak to than anywhere else."

In spite of the difficult political situation in Constantinople, *The Morning Star* was practically free from censor-

ship in publishing the simple facts in regard to the progress of the war.

For weary weeks the Russians besieged Plevna. The Turks, under Osman Pasha, were very valiant and had fortified the place well, but all Osman Pasha's bravery could not save the city. It fell when the Rumanians joined with Russia in a combined push against him. He surrendered, and then came a rapid march on Constantinople. The Turks tried to make another stand at Adrianople, but not for long, and the Russian army rolled on, practically unchecked until it reached the very suburbs of Constantinople. Here again the Great Powers called a halt, for they had grown uneasy, and the army was stopped at San Stefano, but there is no doubt that they could have taken the city easily. International intrigue won, where force had failed, and they began negotiations for peace with the Porte.

Constantinople seethed with unrest. Possibly international intrigue had never reached a higher pitch than at that time, for every hand in Europe had a finger in the pie.

The treaty of San Stefano was concluded, and in March, 1878, for the first time since the Russian occupation, the railway lines into Bulgaria and Thrace were reopened for normal traffic.

For some weeks we had been preparing for a return to Samakov, and we set off on the first train. How well I remember that journey and the passing on to what was now Bulgarian soil! When we left the train and started our journey by *talika* we saw fezzes lying all along the roads where they had been tossed. As the country was declared free, the men in a frenzy of joy had cast off this token of the oppressor, for all men had been obliged to wear the fez.

Joy and sorrow were combined on reaching home. Our nice Turkish neighbour who had guarded us so well at Samakov had been killed.

VII

BUILDINGS AND BOUNDARIES

" So much a man can do that doth both act and know."
—ANDREW MARVELL.

As soon as Bulgaria was free she made rapid strides. It was a difficult undertaking for a people who had been so long under the Turks; only a hard-working, frugal people could have accomplished so much in so short a time.

During the Turkish regime the Bulgarians had to pay a pound tax for every male child born because he did not serve in the army. When the time came for these taxes to be paid, the housewife made a great clamour and fuss, explaining to the tax collectors how poor the family was, and protesting vociferously that there was no money. The tax collectors would shrug their shoulders and say, " Well, you have your copper kettle. I will take that."

Cries would be redoubled, for the copper kettle is part of every girl's dowry. In it the meals were cooked, so it would be a substantial loss to the family.

Cries and protests usually had their effect on the easy-going Turks, and with much shoulder shrugging they would say, " Poor woman, well, if you have no money now, next time."

But Bulgaria, now a free country, was badly in need of money. Tears proved unavailing, and many a housewife parted with her copper kettle in lieu of money when taxes were collected.

Henry, as head of the school, had his hands full on his return from Constantinople. Threads had to be picked

up, a difficult task after the excitement and strain of war conditions. Hope and energy were the keynotes of the new nation. Henry did his best to make them also the keynote of the school.

The school was cramped for buildings, and when the Turkish families began to go to Turkey and their houses were for sale, it was an easy matter to buy some of these houses which were close to our small campus, and so enlarge our whole site.

It was decided to erect a school building on the newly acquired land that would accommodate about a hundred boys. Henry was to supervise this work. He was anxious to build with brick, but it was considered too costly a suggestion, and against his better judgment a dab and wattle building was put up.

How enthusiastic we all were over the building of this place!

Henry expected it to be finished by the time school opened, and all his energies went into it with that end in view. Alas, for human plans! The walls were up, the roof on, hopes high, when an officer arrived and ordered all the carpenters to stop work. Influential people who were unfriendly had persuaded the authorities to stop the work.

Henry went at once to the Governor with his trouble.

"Yes, I know," said the Governor. "I have had the order in my pocket for weeks, until I could not keep it there any longer."

Then we realized that the order must have reached the Governor before the roof was on. He had held it up until after that event because it was not lawful to stop work on a building after it was roofed.

"You cannot keep men working on the building itself until the matter is arranged," said the friendly Governor, "but no one can object to you making the doors and windows!"

Even authority in an antagonistic mood could not object to a carpenter's shop. Henry immediately took a new duty upon himself, that of teaching carpentry. How he managed to do this in his crowded time I do not know. Often he had to study construction himself before passing his knowledge on to the carpenters! But he produced an effect that had never been achieved in Samakov before—properly fitted floors, better stairways. The energy and ingenuity which he threw into those fittings for the new building were really remarkable. Months later, when the unfriendly ministry fell, the wooden fittings for the place were ready, and work on the building was begun again. However, with the delay, it was not possible to move into the school until after the Christmas vacation.

Henry was untiring in his efforts to finish the work as quickly as possible. One of the missionaries once remarked that he did the work of three men. The winter was exceptionally wet and cold, and the newly plastered walls would not dry. Stoves were put in, and Henry would stay up until midnight to make a final round of all stoves to see that the fire had not gone out, for the place had to be dry before the boys took possession.

Victory, however, was with Henry, for on January 1 the building was ready for the boys, and we all had a little breathing spell.

The following story is an illustration of the courage with which some of the boys who came to us faced and overcame difficulties:

I remember that while the ground was being cleared of a group of old Turkish houses to make room for the building, a boy from a neighbouring village spoke to Henry about coming to school. He had no money, and therefore he could pay no tuition. But he insisted that he must come to school, money or no money. Henry was always ready to help self-reliant boys, and so he told him that

there was a little Turkish house nearly empty which had not been pulled down, and if he liked he might live there. Henry felt he could not give away the school food, so he told him that he would have to bring his bread from home each week-end. If he did this, he could come to the school without paying tuition.

Perhaps thirty years later that boy told me he never forgot how I would sometimes take him into our home and give him hot coffee, food, and wood for the fire in his room. This boy planned to become a preacher, but when the Bulgarians drafted men into the army he was not willing to serve. Instead, he went to America and eventually graduated from Harvard. He became the class poet in a class of three hundred men. On one occasion he was a guest of Mr. Gladstone's son at Hawarden Castle. He published a volume of poems in Bulgarian and English. His name was Stoyan Vatrilsky, and he died only recently on his little farm near Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria.

Another interesting story is about one of my husband's helpers who was employed as a carpenter in building the new school. He began to come to the Sunday services, which later led to his conversion. He had been a drunkard and his family suffered in consequence, but after his conversion he gave up drinking entirely. He repaired his house, his children were fed and dressed properly, and the family had every appearance of well-being. The neighbours were most interested as to the cause of this prosperity, and they explained the matter in this way: He had become a Protestant, and every night the devil put a *medjidie* (a large Turkish coin valued at a little less than a dollar) under his pillow. One man who overheard this conversation remarked, " If that is really so, we will all become Protestants! "

The Russians remained in Bulgaria for two years helping to bring the new state into being. There was a Russian

Governor-General at Sofia, and a Prince of Galatia for some time as Military Governor. This man once called on Henry and put him through quite a lengthy examination as to his purpose in Bulgaria. There was also a Governor of the province of Thrace and of Eastern Roumelia, with Philippopolis as its capital. The Governor of Samakov, also a Russian, was very friendly with us, and brought the children cake at Christmas time. The Bulgarians were very much astonished when they found that the Russians held their services at the same hours as we did, instead of holding them early in the morning, as is customary in most Orthodox churches.

Lady Strangeford, who had come from England to help after the massacre at Batak, had some of our boys working with her. She took one of them to England with her and educated him. He married an English lady, the daughter of a clergyman, and returned to Bulgaria and became a very prominent man. We visited him at his home after Lady Strangeford died. She had left him books and furniture, and his house was furnished much as an English home would be. He and his wife were charming people.

It was interesting to remember how years before we had visited his home when he was a child. We slept on the mud floor of their big living room. There may have been another room, although I seem to remember it as a single-roomed house. The house had no windows, only a hole high up in the wall, with wooden shutters.

The father was a deacon of the Evangelical Church, and a man who became an earnest Bible student. When their son became mayor of the big city of Philippopolis they often visited him at his home. They never changed their custom of wearing village clothes, although he, of course, dressed as an Englishman. But the old parents were always treated as most welcome and honoured guests in his home.

Among the interesting people who visited us during the early days of Bulgaria's emancipation was Dr. Sandwith of Kars. He came to Samakov with the Marquess of Bath, as they were, I believe, both on one of the border commissions to determine the boundaries of the new country.

Dr. Sandwith was with us for many weeks, for he became seriously ill, and it was a long time before he was well enough to leave. During his illness he was often discouraged. I remember on one occasion he put his hands on Henry's shoulders as he bent over him in his bed and said, " Oh, Mr. House, I am a great sinner! "

I still remember the friendliness and warmth in Henry's answer, and how he would sit with him, talking intimately with him about his spiritual welfare, until they became sincere friends. He liked Henry to pray with him each day, and we liked to think sometimes that perhaps he had gained some inner strength in our home.

At the time we had no idea of his identity, for he was a very modest man and never talked about himself. It was not until many years later that we realized that we had entertained a hero unawares.

He was one of three Englishmen who played the leading part in the defence of Kars. The other two were General Williams and Captain Teesdale. These men directed the defence of Kars throughout the six months' siege by the Russian army in 1854. Finally, the city fell, owing to starvation, for the promised help of the Turks outside the city never came. The Turks themselves, in describing the gallantry of these three men, declared that they " behaved like warrior angels, and fought like devils, and while they fought for us their country betrayed them." It would appear, however, that some of the betrayal came from the Turks themselves, and was not altogether due to a vacillating home government.

Dr. Sandwith wrote a book, *The Siege of Kars,* which

brought him renown, earning for him the title " Sandwith of Kars."

During the siege he had attended to wounded Russians who fell into Turkish hands with as great concern as he did for the troops under him. Instead of being imprisoned by the Russians when they took the city, he was given unconditional liberty by the Russian general. He had also been decorated by many countries.

All the time he was ill we looked after him, and we became real friends. I remember that he liked cocoa very much. I gave him all we had, but there came a day when our supply, brought from America, ran out, and I had to explain to him that there was no more. I think it had not occurred to him that everything like that in the way of extras had to be brought from America, and were not to be had in this country. He immediately wrote to his wife, and I shall never forget the supply of good things which she sent us from the Army and Navy Stores in London. She also sent a most wonderful rocking horse to little Harry, and what fun he had with it! It was covered with real horsehair, had a real mane and tail, and was our children's most treasured possession for many a long day. She also sent dolls and toys for all the other children, but to them nothing was ever quite so wonderful as that rocking horse. While he was with us, another Englishman, a Mr. Jack Horner, also with the Marquess of Bath, stayed with us, and we learned that he was actually descended from the " Little Jack Horner " of nursery fame.

Dr. Sandwith and my husband corresponded quite regularly after his return to England, and he had always intended to show us London some day. Later, when this might have been possible, we wrote to him, but the answer told of his death.

Another member of a Boundary Commission who stayed with us was General Hamley, head of the British members

of a commission which had representatives on it from all the Great Powers. When we were asked to entertain General Hamley, with his adjutant, Captain Jones, we were told that this only meant lodgings and that they would eat with all the other members of the commission at some central place.

The day they were to arrive I gave the children their supper early in order to be free to meet them, for I thought they might like a welcoming cup of tea, even if they were to eat elsewhere. When they came I asked if they would like tea, and at the same time, to show that I fully understood all the arrangements for them, I remarked that I was aware that they would have their meals with the others. Evidently, General Hamley had other views, had eaten his fill with the Commission and did not intend to do so again, for he said most promptly, "I do not intend to eat with them."

Here was a dilemma. I had to hurry to our meagre larder to provide a suitable supper for guests used to fare quite different from anything we had.

The next morning, as we finished breakfast, Henry, as was usual in our house, invited our guests to join us in the prayers that followed immediately.

"No time for prayers! No time for prayers!" was the General's reply as he beat a hasty retreat, to the embarrassment of Captain Jones, who came back and asked to be excused for leaving thus hurriedly. But he was obliged to follow the General.

My dinner the next day was a great success, though I can remember only one thing on the table, lamb and mint sauce! I had read of the popularity of lamb and mint sauce in England, so I delved into a cook book, and made mint sauce for the roast lamb. I think it must have added a homelike touch to the meal to two men weary of foreign fare, for they fell to with great zest.

Young and vigorous, Bulgaria developed very rapidly. There was no gradual awakening. I like to think that Henry and some of our associates were closely concerned with her development in more ways than one.

Dr. Clarke, Mrs. Marsh, and Mrs. Locke, in addition to their other work, had a great deal to do with the temperance movement in Bulgaria. Dr. Clarke was always ready in times of trouble, and it was his daughter, Elizabeth Clarke, who later started the kindergarten movement which spread so rapidly. She, and Queen Eleanor, wife of King Ferdinand, worked together in many different public enterprises for relief work. She lived in a garret which she had converted into a very comfortable home for herself and her father, then grown old. She let out the middle floor of the home, and the kindergarten was on the lowest floor.

I remember hearing her tell how Queen Eleanor used to climb up the long stairs to attend meetings in the attic apartment. Dr. Clarke was then an invalid, and the Queen used to take him flowers. On one occasion she kissed Elizabeth Clarke good-bye, and thus caused a great stir among the ladies of the court. However, in my eagerness to tell all, I have run way ahead of the time. While we lived in Samakov things were in their infancy, and kindergartens unthought of.

In 1880, Mr. and Mrs. Belden arrived with twin babies, about Ethel's age. Mr. Belden was eventually to have charge of the Bulgarian division of the publishing department in Constantinople, but it was decided that he should come first to Samakov for a year or two to learn the language. Although our furlough was not due for another two years, it was decided that this was an opportune moment to grant us leave, for I was not very well.

As we were now in free Bulgaria, it was safe to travel over the mountains. So we joyfully started with our son and his three little sisters. The *bashi-bazouks* and Circas-

sians were a thing of the past. We crossed the mountains to Lom Palanka on the Danube. The roads were rough, the inns primitive, even in the town of Sofia, where we spent a most uncomfortable night. The following night, spent on top of a high mountain, was even worse. We slept on the mud floor in a big circle, with our feet to the fire, which was built in a shallow hole in the floor. The smoke that did not go into our eyes tried to get through a small hole in the roof. A number of rough-looking men were in the circle, too, but they were polite and kind to us. From then on the road was so steep that on our return we had to change our horses for bullocks in order again to reach the mountain top.

At Lom Palenka we took a steamer, later a train, and so on, by stages, to Liverpool. Then on to our own homeland!

VIII

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

"A workman that needeth not to be ashamed."
—II Timothy 2: 15.

In America the children had measles and I became ill, but in spite of that we returned to Samakov refreshed in body and mind.

Before we returned, Mr. William H. Belden and his family left, and our station was joined by Dr. and Mrs. Fred L. Kingsbury and Mr. and Mrs. William Sleeper.

Previous to our furlough, Henry had built a very attractive church to serve our schools and the Evangelical community in Samakov. He preached the dedicatory sermon the Sunday before we left for America. Fifty years later he preached there again, where eager young students had so often listened to him.

Thoroughly rested after his long vacation, he threw himself into the work as head of the school. He preached, taught, planted trees, put up new buildings, published books and tracts.

I tried to see that Henry had his meals on time, but people learned our dinner hour and took that time to come and talk business. Once I counted nine people who had come to talk things over as we dined. Few men could have stood it, and I used to get very agitated, but it was perfectly true that Henry was then so busy that it was almost impossible for people to get hold of him once he rose from the table.

He loved to preach, but had very little time to study. Sometimes on Saturday night he would say: "I have to

preach tomorrow and have had no time to prepare my sermon. I will select my text and see what I can do."

He was too worn out to settle down to it, and would sometimes have to leave it until the morning. In the morning he would be up early and say very happily: "When I woke up this morning my sermon was all clear in my mind."

He would make an outline, the only help he ever depended on, but this was seldom used. Once he began to preach, his thoughts came fast enough.

He had no real love for teaching, but his interest in his students was intense, and because of this he was always able to hold them. There was, however, one study in which he took great pleasure, and that was botany. He collected the flowers of the Balkans, often taking his students into the fields with him, and he soon had a good collection, which was unfortunately burned some years later.

The most important piece of literary work which he undertook was the translation of the *Outline Study of Man,* by Mark Hopkins. Nothing of this kind had ever been attempted in the Bulgarian language, but he felt that it would be most useful for his students. Mr. Andrea Tsanoff, one of the outstanding leaders in the country and a fine Bulgarian scholar, was his associate and valuable helper in this work.

When the work was begun, he and Mr. Tsanoff found that there were no words in the language that expressed all the thoughts they wished to convey, so they went to the Russian dictionary for the roots and added the Bulgarian endings to serve their immediate needs. He gave this manuscript to the Bulgarian Evangelical Society. The publisher was so delighted with the work that he had one copy printed in gold ink, which he presented to Henry.

The students were so eager for these translations that when he later translated *Whateley's Rhetoric* it was seized

in manuscript and literally worn out in the hands of the students.

The only Bible printed in the Bulgarian language at that time was very bulky, so that it was rather a book for the shelf than one which could easily be carried about. Henry felt that there was great need for a smaller Bible for the people which would be easy to carry. He wrote to his seminary classmate, Rev. Marcus Bowen, who had charge of the work of the Bible Society in Constantinople. As a result, a small Bible was printed which was very quickly bought up by Bible lovers.

By this time we found the school had grown so much that new buildings were again necessary. Henry suggested that former students should be asked to help with the funds for the extension. Such a thing was unheard of at that time and few thought the appeal would be successful. I believe the result gave us all quite a new aspect of the work that had been accomplished in Bulgaria, for the success of the appeal proved how close to the hearts of the old scholars was the school, and how great an inspiration they had received there.

There is no doubt that sometimes my husband's associates thought him obstinate and fond of his own way. He was young, enthusiastic, full of ideas, and he did his best to persuade his associates to agree with his plans. When he thought something was practical he usually stuck to it until he brought others to his way of thinking. I cannot remember that he ever gave up an important project or failed to win others to his way of thinking. He often mourned because of his quick temper in his younger days. He would come home sadly and say: "I was angry again; tomorrow I must ask to be forgiven."

One of his biggest struggles was to start an industrial department at the school. His associates at first felt this plan was unnecessary and impracticable. Such a thing

was unheard of in mission schools, where they tried to turn out good Christians, not good carpenters. Eventually, however, they let Henry add one or two hours of work each day to the schedule. He believed that many of the boys would add to their self-respect if they could earn enough to pay for their books or clothing. He was very much distressed at the attitude that the boys had regarding work with their hands. He once saw one of our poorer students pay a street boy a trifle to carry a bottle of kerosene for him to the school because he thought it was unbecoming that he should do it himself. Henry decided then and there that one of the important lessons for the boys to learn was that labour was honourable, even if they were students. The plan was unpopular at first, and some of the boys called him " Pharaoh! " In the end, however, it was a great success. Henry began by giving the students odd jobs about the grounds and buildings.

In 1887 my father died and the family decided that no more fitting memorial for him could be found than a small industrial building in Samakov. Years before, he had talked to Henry about his own theory of mission work. He believed that improvement along material lines should tend to better them spiritually as well. " Teach them to work with their hands, teach them to be all-round men," he said.

The Bulgarians were industrious, but they did not consider that students belonged to the class of workers, if this meant labour with their hands.

Once, Henry talked with the Prime Minister, Mr. Karaveloff, and found that he heartily sympathized with him on this matter. " We are turning hundreds of boys out from the gymnasiums each year," he said, " and most of them can do nothing but teach school or work in Government offices. We have no place for them all, so they spend their time in the coffee shops hatching trouble for the Government."

Henry had espoused Aristotle's teaching as regards education. He was always sorry that he had not been both a blacksmith and a farmer as well as a preacher of the gospel.

He remembered his grandfather's smithy, his grandmother's spinning wheel, and how, as a small boy, he would lie by the open door on the floor and go to sleep with the sound of her wheel humming in his ears.

With great rejoicing he set to work on his industrial department. Someone had given a tiny toy printing press to the school just before we went to America. This press was a little over a foot square. But Mr. Sleeper, who knew something of printing, was able to add a printing department to the school. At first, tracts and programs were printed, but later we grew more ambitious, and by the time the industrial department's building was complete a larger press was installed.

From an account written years later I find the following notes written by Henry, words upon which he laid the foundation of many a boy's education:

"There should be embodied in the school a system of education which will train the *whole* man, the mind and hand, as well as the soul. When I first thought out the idea I was in Samakov, in a city where the school had no land, and I felt the best place for such a school was on land away from city streets. I felt that on a farm we should have education for three things: First, spiritual life, taught on the land where, surrounded by nature, one has the chance to refer naturally to God as the maker of all, for there we are dealing with the works of God. The first emphasis, then, is that education must be religious in spirit. Second, boys and girls are always interested in *doing* something, not only reading about doing things. As a boy, I was surrounded with tools and had a farm near where I had the opportunity of seeing things grow, taking care of horses and cows. I could make my kites fly, and the active part of my youth gave me satisfaction. Children love to do and make things."

From the same journal is another extract of interest, for it refers to the building of the water wheel which played such a part in our industrial department, for though we had no land and were city bound, we did have water.

" I was trying to introduce the idea of self-help into the school, and from my study I looked down upon a little garden through which a stream ran. A small mill was just below. I found out where the next mill upstream was, and found that there was a fall of two and a half feet, enough to run a water wheel.

" I studied up water wheels in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* (8th Edition). I found there was a water wheel called ' Poncelet,' which was almost as good as a turbine. I then studied hydraulics and I found that I could make a Poncelet water wheel that would give power for the carpenter's shop. The Poncelet consisted of curved paddles closed in at the sides, and by building a little dam of two and a half feet made of planks, with the right measure it would give one and a half horse power. I had to figure out how large a door was necessary for the water to rush out. I had no means of measuring the velocity and volume of the water, so I gave my little son Harry some small chips and sent him a certain distance up the stream and told him to drop in the chips. The velocity varied, it was faster in the middle, so the chips were dropped in different places and timed until we had the average velocity of the water. I got the volume by measuring the width and average depth and so estimated the approximate volume. I then returned to the *Encyclopedia* and worked out the proper size of the hole for letting the water through. This was all necessary for getting the width of the wheel so that the water would not overflow. I built a door that could be shut down. After figuring out the diameter and width of the wheel I made a plan of it. The bottom of the cups had to be curved so that the force of water would roll up.

" The head of the carpentry department was an Albanian from Monastir, Macedonia, and he had wonderful skill and ability. When I gave him the plan he knew just how to make it. There was no place in Samakov where the axle for the wheel could be made, so I sent to Constantinople for that. Thus a

ten-foot wheel was made, and in spite of all my ignorance the hole was almost exactly right for the power of the stream, and the wheel set up. When it was going, the carpenter's shop was set up. The carpenter showed ingenuity in many ways. He wanted a band saw, a very narrow one. He knew how to cement ends with brass and he made an oak frame for the saw.

"We ran the saw and also the printing press with the water wheel. People were just beginning to use chairs, and this carpenter was an expert in making rush-bottomed chairs. He used the band saw, and chairs were introduced as the standard industry of the department. These industries were only self-help, because I was not free to change the program of the school, but only had two hours of the boys' time each day."

Actually, this industrial department must have had a strong appeal for the hard-working Bulgarian farmers whose sons came to the school, once they got over the idea that manual work was degrading for an educated man. Work lay in the very roots of the nation, and I well remember how in their lovely old cathedral this idea was well carried out. There was a wonderful screen for the ikons, made of unpainted wood, which was covered with ancient carving. Scripture stories were carved in it, the most striking of which was one of Adam, pictured with a spade, and Eve, with a distaff. It gave me the idea how nicely it would do as an illustration for the funny old rhyme:

> "When Adam delved, and Eve span,
> Who then was gentleman?"

My impression is that they had very few clothes on, but somehow had achieved a spade!

Thus it came about that the industrial department in Samakov, which was a memorial to my father, became a blessing to one generation after another of students.

Carrying on the industrial department and the school did not mean that Henry did not go on long tours whenever the

opportunity occurred, and on these tours he had singular experiences.

Brigands were still at large and it was unsafe for travellers. Although Bulgaria was free, along the frontiers there was always unrest, for the Macedonian question had grown up and was one which was to go on for long years.

On one occasion Henry set out with a small party to visit some villages in a very wild part of Macedonia, which was two or three days' ride from Thessaloniki, and still further away from where we were in Samakov. They came at nightfall to a small village in a very wild part of the country, where they intended to spend the night. There had been an uprising of Pomaks, Bulgarian-speaking Moslems, and they were advised not to go on. The day before two men had been wounded and were found tied up to trees.

"All right," Henry said, "I will remain here for the night and seek guidance."

In the morning when he opened his Bible his eyes fell on the verse:

"For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

"There," he thought, "what greater promise can I have than that? The angels of the Lord to guide us!"

By this time the party had swelled, for there were a group of peasants who were anxious to return to their distant villages for Easter, but who were afraid to do so. When they found my husband was willing to take the risk, they decided to go with him. At the worst of the mountain passes they saw men waving to them, and felt nervous, remembering the travellers who had been wounded on that road the day before.

However, the party continued on their way and the fears of those with him turned into confidence, and they passed safely through the place, although it was heavily ambushed.

Further on they met another band. The men made no reply to Henry's pleasant greeting; they raised their guns, but no shots were fired. Some of these men joined the first band, who walked beside the travellers, accompanying them to another hilltop, where yet a third patrol was silhouetted against the sky line. It was an anxious climb, but they passed on to safety. When there was a safe distance between them and the Pomaks, and it was impossible for bullets to reach them, Henry gathered his party about him.

" Do you realize what has happened? " he asked. " God sent His angels to protect us." He told them then how he had dreaded to go on when he thought of his family at home, and of the promise he received from the Bible that morning.

My husband soon realized the further importance of his decision that morning. He was going to a conference, but when he reached the village where it was to be held, he found that smallpox had broken out. He quickly sent messengers to the roads leading from the other villages to turn back the people coming to the conference. Had he turned back himself, smallpox might have spread to many other places. He was always glad that on that occasion he had disregarded the warning to return home.

No account of his life would be complete without telling of his deep interest in the spiritual welfare of all his students. After we returned from America there were two or three very remarkable awakenings among them. Henry writes of them as follows:

" There was a deep movement of the Holy Spirit, so that many of our pupils were awakened to the need of confessing their sins, and gave witness to the power of the Saviour to give new life and joy.

" There was one of those meetings which was thrown open for

witnesses to the grace of God moving upon the soul. No one ventured to rise to his feet and witness for Christ, and my soul was filled with sorrow at the spiritual deadness which seemed to reign in the large congregation. I could not refrain from speaking to them of my great sorrow, and as I looked upon the gathering, a young woman from the Girls' School rose and spoke simply and feelingly of her new experience of the Saviour's forgiving love. Thereupon the whole assembly was so moved that about fifty-five persons rose in quick succession.

"This was one of many wonderful meetings which we were obliged to hold daily for a long time. We could not allow them to interfere with the regular work of the school, so early meetings at six A. M. were arranged and were held by lamplight. This was one of two great awakenings which changed the whole character of the school and had a powerful influence upon our evangelistic work in the whole mission, for many of the boys and girls grew up to be workers in the Master's vineyard. This goes to show how full of life was the seed of the Word which was sown in those days."

In other reports he writes:

"As to our work about Samakov, we are much encouraged by the reports we hear from several places. From Tsarovo we have very joyful news. You have already been informed of the suffering and destitution of our friends there from the insurrection. Two of the leading Protestants have been killed, and all seemed to be left without spirit or courage for anything. We sent a young man to gather together the scattered and disheartened friends, and to encourage and help them in the Christian life. . . . He visited them again last week, spending the Sabbath, and found a great change. The Spirit of God seems to be working among the people and they seem very much awake. The number of hearers had increased from about twenty to thirty-five, and while before only two or three were ready to take part in the prayer meeting, twelve were now ready without urging.

"We sent our students off last week for three or four days' work in the surrounding cities and villages. The reports from

several were very encouraging. The prospects in our field were never brighter, I think."

It is possible to dip into old letters and reports and find the same story—the story of how our young men, even as students, were ready to take their part. In many instances they suffered considerable persecution, but were never, or seldom, spiritually discouraged.

Our girls, too, sometimes suffered persecution after they left us, perhaps from a husband who followed the old way and preferred his wife to refrain from going to church with Protestants; sometimes from neighbours who distrusted new ways.

We now had three little daughters. Ruth, our fourth, was born a year after our return from America, to be followed, in 1887, by Charles Lucius. Our joy was great at the birth of this second boy, who was a very lively youngster. Then came Gladys, our last baby.

My husband was still head of the school and the youngest man in the mission. In America his work had been recognized, and, much to my delight, word came one day that he had been given the degree of Doctor of Divinity by his Alma Mater, the Western Reserve University. This was in 1886, when he was not much over forty years old.

I knew that he felt quite troubled about getting it, although at the same time proud of it, for the two emotions can be mixed. He felt that others who were older men should have received it first, and he hated to hear them say with good-natured chaffing, " Are we to call you Dr. House now, and no longer Brother House? "

He could never be anything but a universal brother to all men, though the Bulgarians greeted him formally as " Doctor Director." I remember that I was much amused in America after all this dignity to hear a man who had

gone to school with him call to him over a fence, " Hello, Johnny, how are you? "

He was quite fluent in the use of the Bulgarian language and people listened eagerly to his sermons. I remember, after speaking at a conference of Bulgarian students, that a professor from Robert College, who was a delegate to the conference, rose up and congratulated the students on having amongst them a John Chrysostom, or John of the Golden Mouth. St. Chrysostom is one of the saints of the Greek Orthodox Church. His preaching earned him the name, " Golden Mouth."

The Boys' School was first located in Philippopolis, with Mr. Henry Haskell as its director. Sickness in his family had made it necessary for Mr. Haskell and his family to remain in America for fourteen years. When he again returned to Bulgaria my husband, being a younger man, felt that Mr. Haskell should again take up the work that he had left. Henry, therefore, resigned as head of the school and returned to the work of preaching among the villages. He thoroughly enjoyed the chance this gave him for more intimate contact with the people he had come to understand so well.

When Henry went to Samakov he found a small school. If I remember correctly, there were about fifteen or twenty students living in a hired house. When he left, there were about seventy-five students, a modest campus, two large school buildings, an industrial department, and an attractive church.

It is difficult in this limited story of my husband's life and work to include an account of all that was accomplished by his associates, either by their coöperation, or by their initiative, and he would be the last to claim all the credit for what was done. Henry was essentially a pioneer. When he had to lay down a piece of work he always rejoiced over every advance made by those who were carry-

ing it on. Perhaps this was especially true of the school in Samakov. He watched its growth always from a distance. It grew, and much valuable work was done after he left.

He was delighted to hear that the publishing department had been moved from Constantinople and was established in the industrial building which he had put up in Samakov. This was necessarily made larger for the purpose. The water wheel was no longer needed, and, indeed, had not enough power for the big presses that were installed, which were to turn out such fine work.

Many times we talked about the little foot-wide press that had grown to such dimensions. It was like the tiny mustard seed that was one day to grow and spread wide branches. We never dreamed when the industrial building was erected that it would shelter the great presses that turned out Bibles, hymnbooks, and other valuable literature under the direction of Mr. Robert Thompson and his well-trained helpers.

Bulgaria was gradually establishing herself as a factor in Balkan politics and its development was very rapid, but there were always unrest and dissatisfaction in Macedonia.

The comitadjis had developed as a border menace. They believed they had a mission in life which was to win "Macedonia for the Macedonians." Gradually they became such a menace to peace in border relationships between the different countries that they were considered a definite danger. Then, too, the real brigand could hide himself behind the comitadjis, who were patriots, so that the actions of both were often confused. Finally, brigand and comitadji came to mean the same thing in the minds of most people, although I have not the least doubt that the comitadjis regarded themselves as the saviours of their country, and believed that they followed in the footsteps of the old patriots who had worked in secret for the freedom of Bulgaria. It was from those earlier men that they

got their inspiration. Naturally, in the transition stages there was much border lawlessness and many outbreaks that were impossible to control.

Henry was not left to enjoy his village work for very long, for the call came to go once again to Constantinople to relieve Mr. Robert Thompson, the editor of *The Morning Star,* who was due for leave of absence.

During this year in Constantinople we lived next door to Dr. Riggs, who was the oldest member of the mission. He knew twenty languages and had helped in the translations of the Bible in several of the languages of the Near East. At this time he was a member of the Bulgarian Mission, but he was growing feeble, and Henry was able to help him a great deal in his work.

Dr. Riggs was not always able to go to the Bible House in Istamboul across the Bosporus, so Henry would go in to see him and discuss the work and what was to be done. He always felt that his association with this old saint was one of the great blessings of his own life. Dr. Riggs, although most gifted, was also one of the most humble of men. Each morning he liked my husband to pray with him, and if for any reason Henry could not go, Dr. Riggs always seemed disappointed. This made a great impression on us, for all the younger missionaries looked on him as something of a father-saint, and it seemed a wonderful thing to us that he should remark on Henry's absence with such real feeling.

Strangely enough, the work on *The Morning Star* was much more difficult than during the Russo-Turkish War; censorship was extremely strict, and everything in the paper was severely censored. There could be no blank spaces left which might have a significant meaning, but every space must be filled with words approved by the censor. As a result, all news and articles had to have an " understudy " paragraph written, in case, at the eleventh

hour, the censor decided to hold up the original one. Each one of these articles had to be signed both at the top and bottom by the censor, and they were always kept in a safe so that they could be quickly substituted at the last moment.

Among other things, Henry published a short life of Palissy, the Huguenot potter. When he took it to the censor he cut out what was really the high note in the whole book, namely Palissy's appeal to the king.

"Don't you know I could order your execution?" said the king.

Palissy replied: "You would have no power at all unless it was given by the King of kings."

The censor said, as he blue-pencilled this paragraph: "He had no business to speak that way of his king!"

About this time, too, the editor of a collection of hymns had trouble with the censor over a hymn which referred to us all as sinners. Finally, permission was given to insert it in the book on condition that the universality of sinners was not implied, but clearly stated as "all Christian sinners!" In this way it was made clear that those of the Moslem faith were not included.

This censor was at that time Henry's teacher, and I am afraid that he did not make rapid progress in the use of the Turkish language, for he was also his friend. They were both so anxious to prove to each other the beauty and truth of their own faith that very soon the conversation, begun in Turkish, lapsed into English, for Henry had no words in Turkish in which to express himself sufficiently. One day as they talked his friend said to him: "If we keep this up, either you will make me a Christian, or I will make you a Moslem."

IX

IN MACEDONIA

"O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home."
—James Montgomery, "My Country."

From Constantinople we went to America for our furlough, not knowing that yet another change was ahead of us.

For some years it had been increasingly difficult to do our work in Macedonia because of the border troubles. The missionaries at the station in Monastir, our one station in Macedonia, worked down through western Macedonia, but the Raslog and the Strumma districts were worked by missionaries from Samakov.

The long difficult rides over the mountains were rendered more hazardous by comitadjis. They called themselves the Macedonian government, and enforced rule at pistol point.

At this time the White Tower in Thessaloniki was used by the Turks as a political prison, and many of our villagers found their way in to it, for they were continually thrown into prison for aiding and abetting the brigands. What actually happened in many of the villages was this: The people never knew when the brigands were going to appear, but when they did, they came in bands and took possession of the village for the time being. They forced the villagers to act as patrols along the roads in order to warn them if Turkish troops were coming. If an alarm was raised the brigands vanished immediately, but as likely as not left something behind them which the Turks would

MOUNT OLYMPUS FROM THE SCHOOL CAMPUS
The Mountain is forty miles distant.

find. Then an uproar took place, and the village would be accused of helping the brigands.

I remember that an old woman once told me that the brigands came and forced her to do their washing. She was terrified in case an alarm should be given and the brigands would rush into hiding, leaving their garments behind them, mute witnesses of their presence, and the woman with a sorry tale to face the soldiers. It was raining, and she had only her stove beside which to dry the clothes.

"Don't leave them with me! How can I dry or hide them?" she pleaded.

"That's for you to manage," was the answer. "You have to wash them."

A man from one village was arrested and sent to the White Tower. His name was Vassil. His capture resulted from the receipt of a letter written by his son who was at school in Bulgaria. "Now Bulgaria is free," he wrote, "we are coming to free Macedonia."

The usual practice of the Turks was to seize some member of the family when they could not get the culprit, so they took Vassil.

Vassil took his Bible and hymnbook to prison with him. Three or four of the prisoners asked him to read to them, and together they learned to sing hymns, whiling away weary hours, besides storing up spiritual light for themselves.

There is a rather amusing story bearing on the religious life of some of these political prisoners. One man started preaching to the other prisoners. He was offered his freedom for twenty pounds, but he refused to go and continued to preach. The price of his freedom was then lowered; he was offered it for ten pounds, then for five. Finally, those in power cried: "Go out for nothing! You are making this prison a church!"

When Vassil's prison friends went back to their villages, they bought Bibles and hymnbooks, and set to work to pass on what they had received to their friends, and so the light spread. They got material together and built a little chapel; but their wives were so enraged that they refused to bake bread to feed the workers who were building it. However, these men were very much in earnest, and stood up against persecution. Later, they built a larger church and engaged a preacher for it. This was close to the Orthodox church, and after the services the villagers from both churches would foregather under the trees.

The people were anxious for one of the deacons of the Evangelical church to be the village president, but he refused because they used Sunday to do their committee work and he wanted to devote his Sunday to his religion. When he told them this, the people decided that the work of the village should be done on Monday instead of on Sunday. He then became their president and filled that position for many years. This same man told me once that he thought every house in the village had a Bible, but he added sadly that he was afraid some were allowed to get dusty on the shelf.

It was while on their way to dedicate one of these churches that my husband and Miss Ellen M. Stone and their Bulgarian associates were benighted in a rough mountain khan.

It was three or four days' ride from Samakov through wild country.

There was a central fire in the khan, and the party drew round it to sleep for the night. On the other side of the fire were people from other villages who were also benighted. Henry, and the pastor with him, slept soundly, but Miss Stone did not. She suddenly became aware of the fact that two rough-looking men were plotting together. "They are going to get up before it is light," she heard

them say, " and they are taking a wild, lonely road. At the bend of the road we will meet them, and kill them."

Imagine her feelings!

As soon as she thought it safe to do so she told Henry and the pastor, but they were not very inclined to believe that she had heard aright, and laughed at her fears. She was, however, so insistent that it was decided not to start early, but to let the two men get well ahead, while they would follow in broad daylight. This they did, and passed the bend in safety without seeing their supposed assailants; but though they laughed at Miss Stone's fears, she was always sure that she was right and that they were quite wrong.

It was on another trip like this one that a party, including my husband and Miss Stone, were overtaken by night in a very wild part of the country. They were all on horseback, and the night was treacherous and damp. If my memory does not play me false, I think it had begun to rain; anyway, it was a miserable night and quite dark.

They stumbled on as best they could until they found a high watchtower of the type common in Macedonia. It was deserted, but here was a night's shelter for man and beast, and they thankfully went into it. Strangely enough, they had all forgotten to bring that essential part of every traveller's equipment, matches, and so they had to grope their way about as best they could. It was pitch dark inside, but they put up the horses as well as possible, and climbed into the upper regions. Henry felt about with his feet until he had prepared some sort of place for Miss Stone, and finally they all settled down for the night.

In the morning they found that the ancient tower had sheltered others besides themselves, and that those others had made off with two of their horses.

Here was a predicament! Many miles lay between the place and their destination, and they were hampered with

heavy saddle-bags. However, they loaded up the remaining horse, and the younger preacher said: "I feel the Lord will provide and bring the horses back."

Henry's reply was that his faith was not strong enough for that; but some time after they had reached the city their two missing horses were found and returned to them.

It was all these difficulties, and the ever growing friction on the borders that made the Board in America decide to open a new station in Thessaloniki while we were on leave of absence. A factor that helped in this decision was that three railway lines had opened up from Thessaloniki, so that those districts which were so difficult to work from Samakov, because of the long journey to get to them, could be reached with comparative ease by only a day's ride by the railway.

Henry was in his prime. There could be no doubt of his usefulness in starting this work, because of his knowledge of the language and the country. Therefore he was chosen, together with Mr. Edward Haskell, the son of Dr. Henry Haskell.

Thus, when our furlough was over, we sailed directly to Thessaloniki.

The old town of Thessaloniki was very quaint and ramshackle, with narrow, crooked streets, and Turkish houses leaning toward each other, as if bent on conspiracy and eavesdropping.

We lived near the center of the city, which had lovely old walls, and the famous White Tower, balanced on the sea's edge.

The bay of Thessaloniki was very beautiful, with Olympus rising on the far side, and Hortiach, like an intimate friendly guardian of the city, rising from the bare foothills not very far away.

For many ages mystics have drawn inspiration from Mt. Olympus, sometimes foretelling the wrath of the elements

against poor mortals as it stands in lurid, purple silhouette; sometimes coolly aloof against an ice-pale sky; sometimes glowing in genial mood, full of warmth, exuding sunshine, pushing to view the humble world below through wonderful, varied clouds.

We had left our three children in America, and Ethel had gone to a girls' school in Constantinople. We were strangers in a strange land—pioneers once more. I felt forlorn and discouraged, but Henry had heard once more the old message that had come to St. Paul: "Come over into Macedonia and help us."

Macedonia was in need of help. Many had left and crossed into Bulgaria to be rid of the Turkish yoke. This made a stronger bond than ever between the families on both sides of the border, and so increased the unrest. Patriots of one side or the other had become outlaws and brigands, harrying officials, and carrying the light of freedom (as they conceived it), which they firmly believed had passed to them from the hands of those earlier patriots who had freed Bulgaria. In order to add to their funds, and at the same time to show that Turkey could not control the situation, they would pounce on travellers and carry them off for ransom.

Mr. Haskell and his wife and baby had arrived in Thessaloniki a few weeks before we did, and had found a very nice house with a garden. This house was large enough to accommodate both families.

The street was so narrow that I believe our next-door neighbours could sit in their big bay window that projected over the street and shake hands with the people sitting in a like window in the house opposite. Directly in front of our house was a large old house with a garden in front, so that we had a pleasant view on both sides.

We held our services in one of Mr. Haskell's rooms. At first only our two families, and occasionally one or two

others, attended, for the work was only beginning. A Greek bookseller used to come to help, and to encourage us in our work.

The children found great delight and endless amusement in the garden, which was neglected but interesting. The big tree in it had bent itself in such a position that it really seemed as if it had done so expressly for the fun of tempting the feet of children to run easily along the big trunk into the branches. Quite a big group of children played there, for ours were soon joined by the children of our Bulgarian neighbours across the street.

These neighbours disapproved of us as Evangelicals and believed that we were dangerous people, but they liked us as neighbours and their children loved our tree. One of their sons, a young man of about twenty, used to slip into our services now and then. About a year after we got to Thessaloniki he contracted tuberculosis. When I went to express my sympathy one of the women invited me into the house most warmly, asking me to see him, but telling me that he refused to see a priest and refused to pray. To my surprise when I went to his room, the first thing he said was: " Can you tell me how to pray? Have you any book to teach me? "

I found him a little book of the Psalms in Bulgarian, which was light for him to hold, and Henry and I found comforting prayers for him, marking the places with various brightly coloured ribbons. He used it to the last, and it was under his pillow when he died. His family made no objection to my seeing him and praying with him, for they had at last discovered that we served the same Master.

At first our big living room was our despair. It had been a palatial entrance hall. We warmed it by a stove with a pipe running through the window, as there was no chimney.

Our simple furniture in no way filled it, and our few

Turkish rugs seemed very few and far between, like little islands on a sea of pine boards.

It was about that time that Armenian massacres occurred in Turkey, and naturally things grew very tense politically. These massacres stirred up the Great Powers once again, and ships of the British fleet arrived in Thessaloniki, making a great change in our lives.

One afternoon two men from the fleet called at our house to see if we had a room which we could lend them for their services. They belonged to the Salvation Army.

Here was a use for our big room! Never again were we to complain of its size! There were forty British ships in the harbour, and each day half the men got shore leave.

There was much coming and going to our house then, for each day the number would increase. They would come about four o'clock, play with the children, then sit and talk of their homes. After that they shared our simple supper of bread and jam and tea. Like the widow's mite, there always seemed enough to go around.

It was the beginning of three very interesting months for us. The men were earnest Christians and soon were perfectly at home. In the evening, before returning to their ships, they would hold a service which was an inspiration to us all.

The nights were wonderful, for the ships of many nations crowded the harbour. Their searchlights played on the picturesque old city, lighting it up, giving shabbiness a new glamour as the light crept over the beautiful ancient walls, the White Tower, the crowded Turkish houses, the minarets, and the strange small craft resting along the quay, for little sailing ships from many places jostled each other along that quay. All sorts of produce streamed out of them—pottery, tomatoes, melons, green peppers, oranges, a multitude of things wherewith to feed the city. These boats shook out their sails after rain, or stretched

them as awning in the great heat of summer; patched, multi-coloured sails that had been driven by wind over strange sea roads, nosing their way along the coasts in numerous villages and islands, in quest of barter and exchange.

Admiral Sir Charles Beresford came once to have tea with us. He came to thank us for looking after his men. We also received a very nice letter from Admiral Fisher, who wrote to thank Henry for his interest in them.

In 1895 and 1896 there was much unrest. All kinds of rumours were abroad in the city of Thessaloniki, and anti-Christian placards were posted in the mosques. It was whispered that arms were collected and hidden in those sacred places. The people were frightened and disturbed.

All this time Henry and Mr. Haskell took turns in touring Macedonia. Colporters and Bible women would go before them, and were continually at work, selling Bibles and testaments, and making friends with the people. This paved the way for the missionaries who came later with their message. Thus the work grew rapidly.

Henry was distressed at the poverty he found in the villages. He took seed potatoes to plant in one, and they were most successful. One of the men from this place, who often worked away from home, said: "I can leave home more comfortably now, for I know my family have potatoes and will not go hungry."

Henry also grafted trees at a time when grafting was practically unknown to them. In one village a beautiful big pear tree, which he grafted for them, was always known as "the priest's tree."

In this way he got very close to the people. Once he went to a village where he was little known and had just settled for the night, when the *khandji,* or innkeeper, came to say that he was sorry but the villagers said he must go,

that he must not let the Protestant priest stay there. " I am very sorry," he said, " but what to do? "

It was night, but a man who had overheard the *khandji* took Henry to his home. There he found that the man's wife needed help, and he learned from the man himself that he was leading a very bad life. The man confessed everything, which gave Henry an opportunity to point him to a Saviour Friend, and to urge him to break away from bad companions. He never knew the result of this talk, for not long afterwards the man was killed by one of these companions.

Henry had a somewhat similar experience in Thessaloniki, where a man who had begun to attend the services told him of the bad life he had led. Henry went to see him in his shop and was very much interested to see his Bible on the counter. A customer came to drink in the shop, and when he left Henry said to the man: " You have a bad business."

" What is the matter with my business? "

" You are selling liquor, and that is a bad business. The Bible says: 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink.' "

Henry found the place for him in the Bible, and advised him to get rid of the stuff. This the man promised to do as soon as he had sold what he had in the shop, but before he could do so he was killed in his shop in some sort of brawl. When Henry told this to yet another man who was a drunkard, it made such an impression on him that he immediately poured out all the liquor which he had in his own shop, declaring that he would never drink again, a promise he kept in spite of being very ill. For many years after that he was the leader in the Evangelical community where he lived.

Henry made friends wherever he went. In one village he found in the village priest's home a book of sermons which

the mission had published, and was told how helpful it was. Once in another village the priest came to him and kissed him. When he saw that Henry did not recognize him, he said, " Well, if you do not remember me, I will not tell you who I am."

" Oh," cried Henry, " Priest John, I am so glad to see you."

There was one village shoemaker who peddled shoes around the countryside. He carried his goods on a yoke over his shoulders. He tried at the same time to help by preaching. One day a man said to him that he would like to join the Protestants.

" Oh, yes," said the shoemaker, " you can do that."

" Before I join I want to know quite definitely what pay I will receive? "

" Oh, you will get big pay," said the shoemaker earnestly. " I don't know of better."

" Really? " said the man. " Well, what pay is it? "

" I will tell you. Here is a New Testament. I will sell it to you for three piasters, and it will tell you what pay you will get. Three piasters is not much to give."

The man bought the New Testament. He returned some time later to report that although he had read the book he couldn't find anything about the pay.

" Read it more carefully," urged the shoemaker. " Read it right through."

Some time later the man came back and joyfully said, " I have read more carefully and now I understand about the pay."

Henry often spoke of a very earnest tailor who lived in one of the villages near the Albanian border. He used to hold services in his own house, as there was no preacher, and sold Bibles in his shop. He was not paid, but once a man asked Henry how much he gave this tailor for his work. He was most astonished and unwilling to believe

that the man not only worked without pay, but that he often gave a gold piece to the work.

This question of payment often cropped up. Once, when both the missionaries were away, I received a deputation from a village. They had come to say they had all decided to become Protestants. When I questioned them as to their reasons, they said they wanted a school and other things to improve community life. These things were their stipulation for a change of religion *en masse*.

Once a Jew, who was an excellent business man, said he could preach, and asked if he might come and use our room for his services. He said he would preach to the Jews for nothing. It was suggested that he should see the head of the Mission for Jews in Thessaloniki, but his reply was that they were not sympathetic. On questioning him further, we found out that he wanted five piasters to be paid to everyone who came to his services, but he guaranteed to convert all the Jews in Thessaloniki to the Protestant faith for this amount!

These things gave colour to our lives, and every now and then we could rejoice over somebody who really sought our help.

The case of a village priest stands out in my memory. He came to us at a time when we were both ill with fever. When told that Henry could not see him because he was too ill, he begged to be allowed to look at him for a moment. A screen was placed between our beds, and he came and sat by Henry's side, and there he stayed for two hours. It was too good a chance for a missionary to help a brother who was seeking more light. Henry forgot his own weariness and the seeker stayed on.

Although very poor, this priest was a thinker, and his study of the Bible made him more intelligent than the ordinary village priest.

It was during those first years in Thessaloniki that we

witnessed one of those strange freaks of nature that one does not care to pass through a second time.

A big storm swept out of a sullen, sultry sky, and it seemed as though the house would be about our ears, for we underwent a regular bombardment of hailstones. Some of the hailstones were the shape of flat onions, and the ice circles were plainly marked. Others were about four inches in circumference. They were so heavy that the tiles on our roof were soon wrecked. The rain poured through the broken roof, and we had difficulty in finding dry sleeping places. The cook found a place under the table!

At the first hint of dawn Henry went out to buy tiles, which he bought at the ordinary price. It was a case of the early worm, for later in the day it was impossible to buy any at all, and the poorer people whose houses had been sheltered by the larger buildings were busily removing their undamaged tiles and selling them at exorbitant prices. It was the opportunity of a lifetime, for they were the only available tiles in the city. It was impossible to get men to lay the tiles, and so Henry, and Charlie, and our cook started to do it themselves, with the help of an old friend.

In a way this storm brought good to us. For some time we had wanted permanent premises, but the only possible place was occupied by a silk merchant. He had a valuable stock of cocoons in the buildings on this property at the time of the storm, and nearly lost them. The owner of the property first offered it to him at a reduced price, but he was too much upset by his harassing experience in saving his stock to buy. Even at the reduced rate it was too expensive for us, but it was our chance, and so, backed by faith, the missionaries bought the place.

X

THE RESCUE

" Great deeds are done when men and mountains meet."
—William Blake, " Gnomic Verses."

News of the most dramatic incident of our career as missionaries reached us on September 4, 1901. We were asleep when a messenger arrived with a telegram from the pastor of the village of Bansko in the Raslog district. Henry read the telegram, and for a few moments we were too stunned to take in the full significance of the words:

" Miss Stone and Madam Tsilka on their way from Bansko to Djumia at the Place of the Supported Rocks were carried off to the mountains."

With consternation, we pictured their plight. How could it be true? We had known that men were in danger sometimes, but it never occurred to us that a woman would be captured.

Henry hurried to Mr. Hadji Lazzaro, who was the American Consular Agent. I think my husband's first hastily drafted story is best used here:

" Never shall we forget the effect produced upon us by the telegram that gave us the news of her capture by brigands. Miss Stone and our family were the only missionaries of the station at that time.

" It was a beautiful moonlight night when the man brought us the telegram. We were almost stunned by the news. . . .

" It had been the terror of some of the wives of the missionaries that their husbands might be carried off. I myself had had

several unpleasant experiences with robbers and murderers, but, after all, we never thought that one of the ladies would be taken, though constant reports were circulated through the city that either the consuls or other foreign residents would be carried off, as a political move to show the Powers that the Turks could not protect the different Nationals. . . .

"The residence of Mr. Hadji Lazzaro was at the far end of the city, nearly an hour's ride away. We thought that possibly this capture was part of a larger scheme to capture foreign people in the city. So much shaken were our nerves that I even thought it would be safer to take a friend with me in the carriage so that if I was taken off this friend might at least inform Mrs. House. . . .

"Mr. Hadji Lazzaro, advising with me, arranged a telegram communicating the fact of Miss Stone's capture to Mr. Dickenson, the American Consul General in Constantinople. . . . From my knowledge of the plans of Miss Stone I concluded she must have left Bansko on her journey home to Salonika after the close of her summer class for Bible readers. . . . The Vali, Turkish Governor-General of Macedonia, blamed Miss Stone for not taking a guard. . . . A guard would have been of little value when in the presence of a large band of brigands. . . .

"On September 6 the Vali reported the band to be from thirty to forty strong. A telegram from the Consul General in Constantinople suggested that the Vali be instructed to order out the troops, but I wired to Mr. Peet, the treasurer of the Missions in Constantinople, on this date suggesting that it was most urgent that this should not be done, and that the troops should not press the band. The British Consul General, Sir Alfred Billiotti, presented my view on this matter in person to the Vali."

On my husband's return to the house he wrote numerous letters, which had to be sent off by the early train in the morning. Mr. Hadji Lazzaro wrote immediately to Constantinople, offering to go at once to the Raslog district with Henry to rescue Miss Stone, but his letter was never answered.

Day and night messages came. People who thought they had clues had to be interviewed. Letters and telegrams were sent, and at our end it all fell on Henry, whose regular work could not completely stand still, but had, somehow, to be done as well.

Details of the capture came. A large party had started on the homeward journey to Thessaloniki, after a most successful summer class that Miss Stone had held for Bible readers at Bansko. It was a merry party, everyone enjoying the thought of work well done. Their horses were decked with flowers by the friends with whom they had been. They delighted in the beauty of the country through which they passed and also in each other's company.

A picnic lunch delayed them pleasantly. At this lunch all had eaten honey, which was given them as a parting gift. The honey had upset one of the women of the party, and she was taken quite ill. Miss Stone afterwards declared that this seizure was providential, in the light of what happened, and all a curious detail of a divine plan. It turned out that the woman who was taken ill was the one selected by the brigands to be the chaperon-companion for Miss Stone! This was a queer chivalrous gesture on the part of the brigands, and we were most astonished when we heard it. She was to have a married woman as chaperon!

Those in the rear of the party suddenly saw that something was happening in the vicinity of the place called the Supported Rocks, a place that could not have been better staged for a capture by brigands.

The party was quickly surrounded by a band of threatening men dressed in garments of various countries, and some still further disguised by blackened faces. Guns were much in evidence, and the whole party was dismounted in double quick time, and driven rapidly up the mountain side, with the sick woman nearly in a state of collapse.

They were raced through scrub, and over rocks in the most merciless manner, never pausing in the wild scramble until they were far removed from the point of capture.

They clustered together, the brigands around them, and by this time the party included a Turkish peasant who had unfortunately stumbled into the capture scene. After a few minutes the brigands called this man apart to a little clump of bushes, and killed him. They could afford to take no risks, and dead men tell no tales.

They then called Miss Stone apart from the others, and she thought she was to share the same fate, but, instead, she was told to sit by herself under a strong guard.

A fiery argument took place among the brigands. They surrounded the sick woman, and appeared most concerned at her condition. Finally, they called Mrs. Tsilka aside as being the only other married woman, ordering her husband back when he tried to go with her. They were greatly excited, and apparently pressed for time. They cut all the saddle straps and tumbled the horses' loads in confused heaps on the ground, in a frenzied search for something. Finally, they found a couple of shawls, and a Bible, which they gave to Miss Stone, for they said among themselves: " These women will never be content without a Bible! "

The main body of brigands hurried Miss Stone and Mrs. Tsilka from the sight of the rest of the party, while those who remained were kept herded together under a guard all night.

At that time Mrs. Tsilka knew, though no one else did, that she was to have a baby; but it was some time after her capture that she told Miss Stone. Miss Stone believed that it was this fact, which she communicated to the brigand chief, which eased their position on many occasions, and she attributed this apparently chance choice of Mrs. Tsilka at the last moment to divine providence.

It was many days before we had any news from the

captives, though there were many wild rumours, with every means possible used to get in touch with the band.

One night a tap on the window of a missionary house in Samakov, Bulgaria, wakened Miss Mary Haskell, and she espied a tall man standing outside ready to hand her a letter. It was the long awaited demand for a ransom of $125,000.

Dr. Haskell had an interview with the messenger, and discussed with him what seemed to him, and later to us all, the impossibility of raising such a sum. He talked to him of the iniquity of his deed, and appealed to his better nature; but to no purpose.

Consul General Dickenson was about to go on furlough, but he cancelled his plans at once and took charge of the rescue work. He went from Constantinople to Sofia, and succeeded in having several interviews with the brigands' agent. He sent word through this agent that their demands were impossible, for our government could not give ransom money without a vote of Congress. After he failed to move the brigands, Miss Stone's friends appealed to the public to raise the money, and her mother and brothers gave until they were financially crippled.

Time crawled on, days stretched into weeks, the weeks into months, and the goal seemed as far off as ever; but, little by little, $65,000 was raised in America and England.

The curious thing was that the brigands' news agency was so perfect that they seemed to know the exact sum raised.

Miss Stone's capture received much notoriety abroad, and public opinion everywhere was stirred to fever pitch. Reporters rushed from place to place, wherever they thought a clue might prove fruitful. Sometimes for long weeks nothing at all was heard of the captives. Turks said they were in Bulgaria; Bulgarians declared they were in Turkey.

A report reached us that they had died, but this was quickly disproved. Claimants for the ransom money offered to send us Miss Stone's false teeth as evidence that they were the rightful brigands. She had not a false tooth in her head! Then we heard that a Turkish Pasha had rescued her and was going to marry her!

It was extremely difficult to keep the Turkish army from pressing the brigands, who might easily have killed both women if hard put to it. Every clue was followed up. Appeals were made to the brigands, but after nearly four months the captives seemed as far away from release as ever.

Afterwards, of course, we heard their side of the story: how they travelled at night, and were hidden in the daytime, sometimes in complete darkness in huts or holes. They could not have a fire as the weather got colder in the daytime, in case the smoke attracted attention.

Once another band of brigands tried to capture them from the original band in order to get the ransom for themselves. A grim enough comedy for them! They were hidden in a hole while a battle between the two bands raged around them, and a guard kept watch with his pistol cocked, in case the other band was victorious.

Afterwards Miss Stone said to one of the guards: "I prayed!"

"I prayed myself!" was the answer, given fervently, and this showed her in how great a danger they stood.

Miss Stone, a missionary first and foremost, never lost an opportunity of trying to convert the brigands. She read the Bible to her guards, she told the brigand chief, Zandanski, of the way of salvation, and later one of the brigands told how this man was so afraid of her that whenever he left her after an interview his hands were clenched and his brow damp. The emotions of this brigand leader in the presence of a captive who was always ready to talk

to him of religion and the Bible must have been strange indeed!

In a rough way the captives were kindly treated. One of the brigands had noticed their flower-decked horses when they were captured, and picked them wild flowers. On the day before Thanksgiving Day, Miss Stone paced up and down pensively thinking of the Thanksgiving Days she had spent in very different surroundings. One of the brigands asked Mrs. Tsilka why she looked so sad. Mrs. Tsilka explained the meaning of the day to him as best she could, and told him how sad Miss Stone was to be in captivity on such a day. Imagine their astonishment the following day when a turkey dinner was served!

At the time of their capture they wore summer clothes, and as the weeks passed they were very cold and exhausted from their night travels. Time hung heavily on their hands as they crouched in darkness in the daytime, for they were both active women.

The brigands saw that they must be suitably clothed for the winter, so they brought them the same rough woven material that they used for clothing. With this the women fashioned regular brigand suits of long trousers, with skirts and coats on top. To make time pass they prolonged the work as long as possible, trimming them all carefully with fancy braid which the brigands bought for them. Miss Stone said afterwards: "We learned the value of a tooth brush and a button hook, obliged as we were to be without them for so long. We learned, too, with how few things one can live if necessary."

Every now and then the brigands showed a terrifying glimpse of their true colours to the women, for they tired of waiting while the negotiations were going on.

Mrs. Tsilka's condition was in one way a handicap, but in another a blessing, for the brigands were especially superstitious about harming a woman with child. In many

ways they tried to make them as comfortable as the surroundings allowed.

Finally, after a tedious journey through the night, she declared she could go no further. Threats and urging were useless, nature was too strong, and so, after a frantic search, a hut was found and a fire lighted in it.

Huge wine barrels shaded the place where she lay. The brigands at the pistol's point produced a terrified old mountain woman.

They were very touched when the baby was born. She was wrapped in clothing which the two women had prepared, fashioned from the white woolen cloth which the brigands used to wind around their legs, and a kind of cheesecloth with which they cleaned their guns.

The little garments were tucked, and hemstitched, and featherstitched, telling the mute story of how thankful the two women were to have the tiny things to make.

The baby spent the first night of her life in a brigand chief's arms, for he held her close to the fire to keep her warm while the women slept. The brigands called on the baby at once, filing past her and staring sheepishly at her. When she was two or three days old travelling at night was resumed, and the mother was slung in a box like a coffin on a horse's side while a heavy log balanced the box.

All this time we were frantically trying to reduce the ransom, for the amount originally asked for could not be raised. We began to fear that we would never see them alive again, and we felt sure that a young baby would add to their difficulties. We even feared the brigands might kill the baby because of its crying.

A few notes to tell us how they were, were passed from time to time through the brigands' agents. These notes told us how the brigands' patience was on the wane, and implored us to be quick, as they could not expect to be kept alive forever, even though the brigands were finally re-

ported to be willing to keep them for thirty years, so long as they got the money in the end.

The two captives could not understand the delays. It was difficult for them to visualize our difficulties in the face of their own. Such a sum of money could not be raised in a moment, nor could it be transferred when raised to the brigands without the most careful plans. Soldiers and reporters kept constant watch. The problem of how to hand over the money, all in gold, had to be solved. Miss Stone sensed something of it, for when she wrote, at the brigand chief's request, his demand that the money should be paid over before they were freed, she said: "And how shall we know that you will keep faith?"

"You have a brigand's word of honour," was the reply, and with that she had to be content.

Consul General Dickenson had to return to Constantinople in the end while the negotiations were dragging on. He left behind him a former student of Henry's, to send any news to him that might come from the brigands.

The next month, Mr. Leishman, our Ambassador, decided to send a committee from the Embassy to see what they could do. Our Mission Treasurer, Mr. Peet, was chosen to act on this committee, and the other member was Mr. Gardjulo, the first dragoman to the Embassy. It was decided that they should go to Macedonia and so they arrived at Thessaloniki in time to spend Christmas with us. After Christmas they went to Serres, and Henry, who was going on to preach in another distant town, went with them to help them settle before continuing on his own journey. After preaching, he started to return home, but when he arrived at Serres his plans were again changed.

Our station had lately been reinforced by Mr. and Mrs. Holway, and Mr. and Mrs. Haskell, who had returned from their furlough. One afternoon, shortly after Christmas, some of us were gathered in our house talking, as we al-

ways did, of the unfortunate captives. Winter was coming on and we were discouraged, for their release seemed as far away as ever. Suddenly a letter was brought to me, addressed to Henry, from the young man Mr. Dickenson had left to report to him.

The letter was from Miss Stone, but with it a covering note from the young man. It is probable that those with whom he was in consultation in Sofia had decided that if the women were to be released at all it would be only through someone who knew the people and the language, and who would be trusted by the brigands; therefore, they sent Miss Stone's letter to Henry.

The following letter is the one taken by Mr. Haskell to the Committee at Serres, and which sent Henry on his dangerous quest to meet the brigands:

December 18-31, 1901.

"Mr. J. H. House:

"As the authorized agent of Mr. Charles Dickenson to treat with the brigands for the ransoming and freeing of Miss Stone and Mrs. Tsilka, with this present I certify to the following:

(1) The agent on the part of the brigands, with an authorization signed by Miss Stone and Mrs. Tsilka and I, the agent of Mr. Dickenson, have agreed that the captives shall be freed on the payment of a sum collected for this purpose, namely £14,500 T.

(2) As to exact place and manner of delivering the sum and freeing the captives you will agree with the person who will bring this letter from me. He has this right.

(3) In order that you may be assured that the captives are alive and well, this, my letter, shall be put before Miss Stone and Mrs. Tsilka, that they may write with their own hands on the other side of this paper; after which it may be given to you.

(4) A copy of this letter I am sending you by post.

(5) The money may be paid in Napoleons.

"Mr. House, receive my best wishes with my signature.

Mr. Haskell hurried to Serres with the letter, and with warm clothes for Henry, for it was bitter weather in the mountains. In Serres, Mr. Peet and Mr. Gardjulo were at first doubtful about letting him go, but finally decided that no stone should be left unturned to rescue the women.

Henry started at once on his lonely journey of three days, over snow-covered, brigand-infested mountains, for the appointed rendezvous. His camouflage was twofold: he was in the habit of touring among the Protestant churches in the winter when there was no farm work, so that no one would suspect him of being on any special business, and everyone knew that a committee was waiting at Serres to get in touch with the brigands.

The venture was made more difficult owing to the fact that the ransom had to be paid over in Turkish gold pounds. If it was lost then all was lost. The Turkish Government provided an escort for the gold, but every brigand from every Balkan country was watching the progress of the mule train that brought it with fingers itching on their gun triggers. There was the possibility of failure. The negotiators had to protect the interests of those who had given the gold. To turn it over with no bond but a brigand's word of honour seemed an enormous risk. What fools they would seem if it vanished into the night! What would the public say if anything went wrong? The women fretted for release, the brigands' patience was thin, and the weeks passed by endlessly.

The difficulties of the final stages are best told by my husband; his long wait of nine days, how he fianlly paid over the ransom, completely eluding a watchful army and a horde of reporters, who were like hawks after prey:

"Time was passing, the winter hastening, and a rumour had come to me that an agent from the brigands was on his way to see me, but he never appeared. In December the Embassy at

Constantinople took the matter up, appointed Dr. Peet, the Treasurer of the Mission, and Mr. Gardjulo, first dragoman of the Embassy, as a committee to go to Macedonia to rescue the captives. Arriving in Thessaloniki they found a man well recommended to them whom they sent on the errand of finding the band and bargaining for the deliverance of the captives. The day after Christmas they started for Serres, which was nearer the probable scene of action, taking me with them as interpreter. They were hoping to hear from their messenger. The only word, I believe, which they got from him was that there was much snow and wolves on the mountains, which seemed to mean that he was having difficulties. . . . One day Dr. Haskell, one of my associates in Thessaloniki, arrived bringing exciting news. It was a letter from a young man, a former pupil of mine, who I afterwards learned had been a confidential helper of Consul General Dickenson's while he was in Bulgaria. The letter was directed to me and said that he had seen the agent of the band and had been able to settle the amount of the ransom. In an accompanying letter the agent explained that the brigands, having reduced their demand to 14,500 Turkish lira, or $65,000, would not withdraw their stipulation that the ransom should be paid first and the captives delivered later. The letter added that he had arranged with them that I go to meet their agent in the Raslog and make the final arrangements for the delivery of the ransom and the freeing of the captives.

" It was exciting news and in consulting with the committee they first thought it was an attempt to cut out their messenger. Upon further consultation it was agreed by all that I had better go and see what I could do in the matter. Dr. Peet gave me the instructions, which had been generally agreed upon in the matter, which included the delivery of the captives at the same time as the money was handed over.

" It seemed to me as I started alone upon the long journey to that mountainous region that I knew so well that I was undertaking a dangerous and almost hopeless task. The road which I had travelled without fear had now become fearful, but duty was duty and with God's help it can always be done. It was specially a fearful task, as immediately upon the news of Miss

Stone's capture I had become aware that originally the plan had been to take me and not Miss Stone. . . . My journey to the mountains was three days. I reached my destination safely. Here occurred one of those divine providences which in my long life have often been wonderful in my eyes. I was directed to a house to ask for hospitality, to which I had deliberately resolved not to go beforehand. The favourable situation of this house for the work which we afterwards had to do contributed largely to our success. This region was the field of one of our most successful missionary efforts, and of course I entered immediately upon my mission work, which was always at hand when we went to these villages. However, I chose an old and trusted friend and communicated to him the reason for my coming at that time, warning him to be secret. Let me say right here, that without the aid of this faithful man we would have utterly failed. The missionary work which I had to do was a sufficient incognito to conceal my identity from the Government officials, who had not the slightest suspicion about me. They questioned me as to the work of Dr. Peet and Mr. Gardjulo, about which I could answer truthfully. They then told me they knew just where Miss Stone was. She was in Bulgaria, which of course I did not care to deny, as I was utterly in the dark myself about her whereabouts.

"Another wonderful providence was the mildness of the weather that year in January, a great mercy to the captives in the mountains. I had suffered much in travelling there at other times from the deep snow and severe cold, but I now sat out of doors and wrote my letters. Here I remained for nine days without any sign of the man for whom I was waiting. I began to think that he might have been killed by the Turkish soldiers who were on guard. One evening about nine o'clock I returned to my room from dining at the house of a friend when my confidential helper came in and said excitedly to me:

"'I have seen him. I was walking through the narrow alley, down by the village church, when a tall man with his head wrapped up met me and accosted me with the question:

"'"Are you Petkanchen?"

"'"Yes, who are you?"

"'Not answering this question, he said at last:

" ' " Tell the man that is waiting here that the messenger whom he is expecting will meet him at such and such a spot, and at such and such an hour." ' Both spot and hour were communicated to me by my friend.

" We had prayer over what arrangements were to be made for the meeting, and it was decided that he should go alone and bring him back to my room, which providentially overlooked the back yard, the rear of which led out into the open country, making it very much more accessible to the brigands. The next day I told the old people who were my hosts that I expected guests in the evening and I would only ask them to tie up the dog and they could then retire to rest.

" The night came and my friend came in dressed for his night's journey. We had a prayer together and he set out upon his dangerous work. With prayerful meditation over the work to be done, I paced my room waiting for the fateful hour. At last I heard a rustling noise in the yard and softly went down and opened the door, when to my surprise my friend had with him not one but three men armed to the teeth with guns and ammunition. I led them to my room. They looked around to be sure there was no treachery, then placed one of their number, a rough black-bearded man, on guard at the door. I motioned the leader to a chair at one end of my small table, while I sat at the other. The third threw his shaggy kepe (a shepherd's cape) upon the floor and sat upon it with his rifle standing up held in one hand and his breast and waist covered with strings of cartridges ready for action, watching our parley.

" I said: ' Have you the accredited letter from Miss Stone? '

" ' Yes.'

" He produced it and handed it to me. I read it with deep emotion, as it was a pitiful complaint over the long delay in rescuing her, written in Bulgarian in her well-known handwriting and containing, as was stipulated, mention of something that only she and I could have known.

" ' The sum of the ransom, 14,500 Turkish lira, is agreed upon, is it not? ' I said.

" ' Yes, there is nothing to be said about that.'

" We proceeded to the definite time and manner of the pay-

ment. He designated the place of delivery of the ransom to them as the Brigand's Well, a lonely place in the mountains, five hours from where we were at that time. The money, two hundred and ten pounds avoirdupois of gold, was to be delivered to them by us alone, with no accompanying guard, and they would deliver the captives later, when and where they could safely do it. We, with the money, accompanied by a guard for its and our safety, would meet them with a neutral ground between us, at the middle of which we would meet them without arms or guards, with the money, and they should meet us with the captives and then the exchange would be made. They swept all this aside and gave their ultimatum. Their plan was to be agreed to, or they would carry off their captives to a safe place and wait until the original demand of 25,000 Turkish lira was given before they would give up the women. I demurred and said I had already received my instructions from the members of the committee.

"'Why do you make such terrible terms with the prospect of our being killed and the money lost to you as well as to us?'

"Nothing would move them.

"'But what security could you give that you would later deliver the captives?'

"'Only a brigand's word of honour. There is a rope for us in Constantinople and in Sofia; our word of honour is all we have.'

"I told them I had no authority to make such terms. They were angry and asked:

"'Why do you come without authority?'

"To appease them I told them that I would be in the saddle before dawn and go down to the city where the committee were staying, to recommend the acceptance of their terms, as I personally believed them and had I the money in my hands I would deliver it to them according to their terms. They quieted down at this and we agreed upon a second meeting when the committee's answer would be given. Upon this they asked for food and we gave them bread and cheese, and we parted.

"It must have been one or two o'clock in the morning when they left, and I immediately prepared for my journey, over the

same road upon which the women were captured. The residence of the governor was in a town an hour's ride from there. We directed our steps to that town that we might ask for a guard to accompany me on the way, which he willingly gave. The none too courageous guard went with me and we made a forced march and reached the town of Djumia Bala where I met Dr. Peet and Mr. Gardjulo, who were much excited over the news I brought.

" They felt, as I presented the case to them, that they would be justified in asking the Ambassador to accept and forward the money. All that night was spent in cipher telegrams with Constantinople, and by morning light a plan was completed for the forwarding of the gold under guard by train to Demir Hassar, the nearest station, which was two days' journey from the town where we were.

" The next day was Sunday and I preached to the little Evangelical community in that city. Monday I rested, and Tuesday I journeyed back over icy mountains to meet again the brigands as had been agreed. They did not appear and I feared something was wrong. The next night I sent out my trusted friend to give the brigands' whistle. He found them and we met again for final arrangements, which were duly made, with the addition of one thing which I forgot to mention earlier, viz., that no one was to know when and where the money was paid. I can only wonder now, as I look back on those terrible hours with those daring men, that I could have been so optimistic as to think that we could carry out that terrible agreement!

" We were not to have the opportunity of trying it. Some two or three days before the fateful day when the gold was to arrive at that place, my incognito had been revealed. General Ibrahim Pasha of Serres, the commander of the whole district, was accustomed, it seems, to read the Brigand Committee's newspaper organ, printed in Sofia, and had found in that paper the news that a messenger had been sent to meet Dr. House in the Raslog. He telegraphed to the Brigadier General in command there:

" ' What are you doing to allow the missionary to meet the brigands right under your nose? '

" Our work was spoiled. The Brigadier General telegraphed

to Nevrocope for a company of soldiers to be sent him and he surrounded the village where I was with a cordon of soldiers. Toward evening, as I was going out to meet Dr. Peet and Mr. Gardjulo, I was stopped by a soldier and conducted to his office. Upon explanation that I was expecting friends that evening he allowed me to go out, but not until darkness had closed in upon me and there was no prospect of their coming. As arrangement for that night was lost for the deal with the brigands, I went back to my belated supper in despair. While I was eating a horseman came to the door with a letter from Dr. Peet saying that the General (Osman Pasha), who with seventy-five soldiers had guarded them and the gold on the way up, would not allow them to go on. The letter asked me to go over there to meet them.

" At this conference our only way out seemed to be to try to get into connection with the brigands again. I got my confidential friend to endeavour to find them. He succeeded and two days later reported that the brigands said they were surrounded with soldiers and they could not take the money there. We must go back to Serres with it and they would try to get it from that place.

" There seemed no other way, and, disheartened, we prepared to do this. I went back to get ready for the journey and to plan to meet the committee on the more direct road which they were to take with the gold. Instead of doing this, they brought the gold to the village where I was, and in conference it was decided to make one more attempt to get the brigands to agree to our plan of giving them the money there.

" I sent out my confidential agent once more to ask the captors to try to take the money here, without the long journey to the mountains. We promised to make every arrangement to give it to them so that no one should know when and where it was given. They agreed to try it.

" We took the gold from the bags and filled them with lead. This was done so skillfully that the three British reporters present said they could swear that the bags had not been tampered with. This village used a great deal of lead in the casting of trinkets, set with brightly coloured glass imitations of precious

stones. We were therefore able quietly to buy up enough lead to match the exact weight of gold, which was two hundred and thirty pounds. Then we had to get the bags filled with lead into a room opposite the Turkish general's, in spite of the fact that the house was guarded by two sets of soldiers, one at the door, and the other at the gate. At last the gold lay unguarded in saddle-bags under my bed at the other end of the village.

" Then one night while the British reporters were dining with some Turkish officers, in darkness a company of dusky forms suddenly occupied the back yard of the house where we had hidden the gold, and four of the leaders entering took it from our hands. To make sure of the count, I passed each bag to Dr. Peet, and Dr. Peet passed it to Mr. Gardjulo, and he to the four chiefs, who divided it among their men. We shook hands with them and they speedily and joyfully departed with their pelf, and were lost in the darkness of the night. We had had in our hands for many days 14,500 Turkish lira in gold that we could not get rid of, and now with lightness of heart we were able to part with it.

" Soon afterwards, the bags of lead, supposed to be gold, were loaded upon the horses to be transported back to the railway, two days' journey, and shipped back to Constantinople, and the great world had it that we were unsuccessful. The soldiers guarded the bags down to the railway, where they were met by the guard from the Bank of Constantinople, who were to take over the gold. The reporters accompanied them, bemoaning to their newspapers the supposed failure of our expedition. Mr. Maud, the artist among them, made for the London *Graphic* a huge cartoon of the horses, with their load of gold, sinking in the mud on their return journey, and in his letter explained that the expedition might have been a success if only the missionary had been as gifted in dealing with brigands as he was in missionary work. This ended the first part of this exciting drama.

" The second part, though somewhat shorter, was at one time no less exciting and might have proved a great tragedy. I had asked the brigand chiefs when we might expect the freedom of the women, but they could not tell me. They said as soon as it was possible. I asked if it would be in ten days.

" ' Yes,' they said, ' or earlier, if possible.'

" From this I guessed it would be within ten days, and this I reported to the committee, who communicated the same to the Ambassador.

" How we watched the passing days! Soon, on account of important business, Dr. Peet felt he must return to Constantinople, leaving me with the first dragoman. The ten days passed, our hearts sank. Then while I was away visiting a village where it was rumoured Miss Stone had been seen, a cipher telegram came to Mr. Gardjulo from the Ambassador, saying that the brigands had broken faith with us and he was, after a day mentioned, about to let loose the Turkish soldiers in pursuit of them. Mr. Gardjulo had prepared an acquiescent answer when I returned from the village, and asked me to look over his reply, which he had not yet sent. My heart sank within me, and lifting up my heart in prayer I wrote a different reply which I hoped Mr. Gardjulo might be induced to approve. The reply was in this sense: It was quite natural that the Ambassador should feel as he did, but I feared it would mean death to the captives and all would be lost. We could afford to wait, we could not afford to hasten them. It was a moment of intense strain as I handed my copy to him. He read it carefully, made some insignificant changes, and agreed to send it. What a relief it was to me, perhaps few can understand!

" The Ambassador agreed to a short delay, and our work was saved, for within that time, on a Sunday morning, just as I was returning from a religious service I had held with the Evangelical community there, a uniformed telegraph boy appeared and asked for Mr. Gardjulo and said there was a telegram for him.

" ' Give it to me,' I said. ' I will deliver it to him.'

" ' No,' he answered, ' I will only deliver it into his hands.'

" I bade him wait. In a few minutes he (Mr. Gardjulo) entered and read the message. It was a message from the Governor of Strumitza to the Vali Pasha of Serres, saying that that morning Miss Stone and Madam Tsilka had appeared under a pear tree in a small village one hour's distance from Strumitza. Few can realize our joy! The tense strain was relieved, and peace at

last filled our hearts. Our efforts had been crowned with success! "

This story has only to do with my husband's part in the rescue of Miss Stone, and many thrilling incidents have had to be omitted.

There is another part of the story that can only be touched upon. This is the prompt and skillful way in which the money was forwarded to the Raslog by our Minister, Mr. Leishman, involving, no doubt, much wise diplomacy; and the expert and helpful way Mr. Peet and Mr. Gardjulo cooperated with my husband, helping to cover his movements and form plans for turning the money over to the brigands, at the same time keeping the Turkish officers and reporters who watched their every movement in the dark.

My husband's helper, an old and dear friend, must not be forgotten. He ran personal risks that cannot be told here, and contributed largely to the success of the undertaking.

Thus ended an epic in Balkan unrest and strategy.

XI

THE AMERICAN FARM SCHOOL

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries it shall be done."

—CHARLES WESLEY.

THE revolutionary committee that captured Miss Stone continued its activities, until the Turkish Government ordered the missionaries to tour the out-stations only when accompanied by a guard of ten soldiers. This was quite impossible, so they had to confine their work to villages on the railroad, or near Thessaloniki.

This seemed the time for them to consider the possibility of starting a school for village boys. If they could not go to the villages, the village boys could come to them, and, trained to better ways of living, carry the light back with them.

This school had grown in Henry's heart and mind for years, and his associates in Thessaloniki, Dr. Edward B. Haskell and Rev. Theodore Holway, who, with my husband, were founders of the school, were heart and soul with him. Conditions in Macedonia had gradually strengthened the belief that only by bettering the peasant majority could the Balkans emerge from the hopeless state of warfare in which they were constantly engaged. Peace would come only to a contented people.

In 1902 we heard of some land ten kilometres from the heart of the city. There were about fifty-three acres, and it was owned by thirteen villagers. The villagers were

willing to sell what they considered a most unprofitable bit of land. There was, however, no money to buy it, and there was no money to start such a school. It would need a group of people who would lavish devotion on it, who would nurse and cherish it until it grew in strength and made some showing. We argued there could be no harm in going to see the place, and so we made up a party and drove out.

The prospect was dreary, the day dull and cold. How isolated it seemed; and how dangerous, for not long before an Englishman and later a Turk had been carried off from the vicinity, and held for ransom. We could imagine lurking bands of foes in every fold of the earth.

There was not a tree on the place; there was no water, and there was scarcely a sign of life. Three-quarters of a mile away were the rough buildings of a lonely farm, walled around with a high stone wall. Still farther away was a Turkish model farm.

There was beauty all around us in the harsh sweep of the hills, in the stones and colour, in the easy slopes to the sea, and Mt. Olympus beyond. But Olympus during our first visit was hidden by fog. Most of the party agreed with me when I exclaimed: " Whoever would live here? "

Not so Henry. He had conceived a passionate enthusiasm for those dry and barren fields. He walked rapidly all over it, and found good where, as far as I could see, none existed. Finally, his delight at the thought of becoming possessed of it impressed us all.

A letter was sent to a friend of Mr. Haskell's in America, Mr. Irving Metcalf, and we asked him to lend us money to buy the land.

After the letter had gone, reaction set in, and we had some depressing moments, and we could not always feel that we had not made a mistake. For the money would have to be paid back, and from where was it to come?

Dr. and Mrs. John H. House, Miss Ruth House and
Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. House

The Three Founders and Original Building—
A Caretaker's Hut

Besides paying the debt, we would have to dig a well, establish the school, provide teachers and buildings, to say nothing of finding food for boys hungry from work in the fields. We had less than three hundred dollars in hand.

Our friends and neighbours were far from encouraging. They told us that many attempts had been made to get water to that land, and they had all failed. They said only grapes and mulberries would grow there, but that it was a fine center for the activities of brigands, and that it was really wicked to contemplate such an undertaking.

Henry, strong in faith, replied: "We will leave the decision to our Heavenly Father, who can see the end from the beginning." So we put doubt aside and went on planning. At the same time we wanted to be sure that we were following the guidance of divine Providence, and not merely forcing our own desires.

We agreed that we should pray that if this was in accordance with God's will, a cable we had asked to be sent in reply to the letter to Mr. Metcalf should contain the word "Yes"; but if we were mistaken and it was not God's will, the answer should be "No." Then we would know that the plan of this long-dreamed-of school was our own and not from our Heavenly Father.

When the cable arrived it was "Yes," so we felt we could go forward with perfect assurance, and on Thanksgiving Day, in the year 1902, papers transferring this land to the missionaries were put into our hands. All thirteen owners were thankful to transfer their waste land for hard cash.

We heard from Mr. Metcalf that he had received our letter at a time when he had no money to lend and was about to cable the word "No," when a man walked into the office and paid a bad debt that he had long given up hope of receiving. On his return home he said to his wife: "I believe that God means these people to have their school."

Miss Stone, now in America, gave five hundred dollars, and so before many months the land was paid for. Once the land was ours it was like a penny in a boy's pocket. For the cost of a few dollars four hundred little mulberry trees were bought and planted. Alas, the donkey owners who passed pulled them up for whips! The only thing to do was to put a man on the place. Henry got a carpenter, and together they built a hut from oddments, in which a caretaker was installed. The hut was cold, for winter was coming, with freezing Vardar winds and nothing to break their keen edge. So he sank the hut into the ground. The man then built a chimney, and in the mud used to lay the stones he wrote "American School." He planted a small garden and grapevines, and he also planted almond trees, which after some years became one of the glories of the place and a most beautiful memorial to this faithful old man. Had Henry known of the motto of the engineers of the Panama Canal, we might have had it printed over our door:

"We specialize in the wholly impossible."

But he had really come into his own, and to him nothing was impossible, whatever it might have seemed to others less inspired. For some he travelled too far and too fast. He himself believed he was on the predestined path and when a man has this belief he runs rather than walks.

Water! Water! That was our urgent need. When it was finally decided to bore for a well, the question, "Where?" seemed too momentous to decide. Consider what it would have meant had we failed to strike water. The missionaries walked about the place looking for a site, then they sat down on a little hillside and prayed about it.

Where should it be?

There was a little hollow and they decided it should be

there. They marked the chosen spot with some stones, called the caretaker and showed him the place. Then they went to find the well diggers.

As this old man prowled about the place after they left, he decided they had been mistaken, and when the well diggers arrived he put them to work in an entirely different place.

Imagine their feelings when the committee went to inspect the work and found the men were not digging in the spot selected. The missionaries had no money to start all over again, so in spite of a feeling of despair they let the men go on digging. The men went down one hundred and seventy-five feet and there they struck water.

" Look how God guides you and helps you against your own inclination! " they cried.

They were delighted.

Some time later, when another well was needed, the place first chosen by the missionaries was tried for water, but none was found.

While the little bore pipe was slowly sinking into the ground, Mr. Essery, the Secretary of the Bible Lands Missions Aid Society in London, died. Not many hours before his death he had spoken of our work, and said: " We must do something to help them."

Because of this interest of Mr. Essery, the Society decided that they would pay for the well and a windmill as a memorial to him.

Later, carpenters on the place gave their services for nothing, and an octagonal arbour was built at the side of the road near the well, with a tap for the water. Here travellers rested.

The words, " Essery Memorial Well," were painted in panels under the roof, in Greek, Turkish, and Bulgarian characters. In alternate panels, in the same languages, was the verse from the Gospel of St. John:

"Jesus said, Whosoever thirsts let him come unto me and drink."

Mr. Z. A. Norris gave us our third well in memory of his wife, and as the farm acres increased other wells were added, but these first wells insured the first sprouting of the seed.

What more fitting memorial could be found than a well giving water to man and beast in a dry land!

One day an old Turk resting after drinking said: "The man who built this well will surely go to heaven."

Vine dressers from distant villages now found water close at hand where formerly they carried a heavy burden of water on their backs. The Wallachian shepherds passing with their flocks filled their water barrels.

One night during Ramazan, a Turk knocked at the door at two in the morning begging for water to drink before the cannon fired. If he didn't get it then he would go without until sundown.

Hundreds of soldiers have blessed that water, especially the Serbian soldiers on their way to the front during the Great War. It showed us also how little hatred there is in the human heart, for our boys, many from nations at war with the soldiers, most willingly pumped until midnight so that no one should march thirsty on his way.

Just after the caretaker was installed and the first well was under way, we attended the Annual Meeting at Philippopolis, and from there left for America for our furlough.

Sad news came to us on our way to America. Young Mrs. Haskell died just after we left the turbulent city of Thessaloniki, soon after the birth of a baby. She was a general favourite in the mission, and we felt very sorry for her husband and small children. They were also in the middle of another political outbreak of which there had been no hint before we left. While she was dying a revolt

broke out. The Ottoman Bank was blown up and a great many were killed. The insurgents barricaded themselves in a house two doors from the mission, and fighting took place there.

When disorders also broke out in some of the Macedonian villages, Mr. Haskell and Mr. Holway, with only three hundred dollars in hand, decided that the time to start the school had come. They believed it might relieve some of the distress following the revolt. The retribution of the Turks had been terrible, and many villages were destroyed.

As a beginning, an adobe brick house was built with two rooms. A farmer, his wife, and two children were installed in one; the second room was used for boys. Thus in an hour of need was the American Farm School born, with ten boys from the stricken villages and two other orphans.

The farmer's name was Vacile, and Henry had visited him in his village. The first time he saw Vacile he was all black, for he had been carrying charcoal. It was a cold night, and they huddled with the cattle on one side of a woven fence, and the cattle helped to keep them warm.

The man's wife listened to Henry's story of Christ as she cooked the supper, then she said: "Your coming is like Christ."

At first this troubled Henry very much; then he was comforted by the thought that it would be strange if, after working for so many years for Christ, some little ray of light should not show in his face, and so he took this as a tribute to his Master.

Vacile was, of course, no teacher, but he could plow, sow, and plant trees, and it was he who planted our first large vineyard. But he could not make the boys work. They preferred to rest by the melon patch he had planted. He would then exclaim: "Those boys can't do anything!"

He was mistaken. They were learning lessons without books, although as yet they had no interest in farming.

Agriculture was taught at first in the simplest way, with a wooden plow and oxen, after the manner of the country. The farmer tried to teach the boys to plow deeper, which was all that could be done with the implements in hand.

When one of the oxen died it was a tragedy, for there was no money to get another.

The boys were taught the value of using the farm litter to fertilize the fields. The village people used the manure for fuel, burning it in their fires. The women formed the wet manure into pats which they stuck while fresh to the sunny walls of their houses until it dried.

Besides our own litter, we began buying up manure, and in time our grain looked very well indeed. In the first years we reaped only six or seven bushels to the acre from fields which today yield forty bushels.

In America Henry worked for the Mission Board, and it was only the summer before we sailed back to Thessaloniki that he was able to concentrate on plans for the school. The Thessaloniki station had obtained a reluctant permission to begin this work from their associates in the other stations.

Few of the missionaries outside our own station were enthusiastic, and some were definitely opposed to the new undertaking. They thought the value of such a school was doubtful, and the idea unsettling. I think they were afraid that the mission work would be neglected, and that emphasis would be on the material rather than the religious side of life. They could not realize how useful this sort of education would be for village boys, or how little was being done for the peasants of Macedonia. Cities and the university took the brightest of the village boys. The Balkan people had not learned that " there never has been a great people raised on paving stones."

After reaching America, Henry had to see first the Secretary of the Board and get his permission to go on with the

school. He was greeted in a most discouraging way, for it was made quite clear to him that if he opened such a school he would have to be responsible for finding the funds to carry it on.

"You will not be able to get this money," he was told.

"But I can try," he replied.

Henry decided that the time had come for this dream of years to materialize, that the school was needed, and that God was guiding.

His plan for the school was twenty years too soon; but he was right, for now most missions are not considered complete without including an agricultural education.

It was pointed out forcibly that if such a venture was undertaken the missionaries would be tempted to break away from the religious work to which their lives were dedicated. Henry argued that, "working with God," teaching boys to work while they studied, preparing them to become intelligent leaders in their villages, to make their fields more fruitful, was no more breaking away from religious life and work than teaching them higher mathematics, chemistry, and philosophy in preparation for becoming leaders in cities. Few boys trained in cities felt they could return to the villages. One of them, when urged to return to help his people, wrote back: "It is very hard after riding in an automobile to return to an ox cart!"

The first thing that confronted Henry was the question of raising money for the school—a most repugnant duty. One hundred dollars a year had been promised, and his friend, Dr. George S. Payson, had offered to take him to call on Miss Grace Dodge because he thought she might be interested. Henry had never lost the shyness of his boyhood, and he hated the thought of the rebuffs that he must expect.

Miss Dodge was very kind and showed a real interest in the scheme. He often said later how this friend was one

whose wisdom was largely responsible for his courage to go on with the work.

Miss Dodge promised to give two hundred dollars a year as soon as Henry could get a Board of Trustees. This was something new. How did one get together a Board of Trustees? Of course it was wise to have trustees to look after money that was coming in by the hundreds. So far the money had not required many trustees to look after it.

Henry took this new problem of trustees to my brother, Lucius Beers, for help, and was told that he must find several men who would be willing to stand by the new venture. My brother promised to fill one place, and one of his friends, Mr. Eli S. Partridge, a member of the same law firm of Lord, Day and Lord, promised to fill another. Mr. Lewis Bond, our first missionary associate, did not need urging to stand by us, and Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, president of Union Theological Seminary, promised readily to add his name to the list. Dr. Josiah Strong, a college friend, consented for friendship's sake, although his hands were already full. Then followed Dr. Payson and Mr. Metcalf. The next difficulty was a treasurer to care for those first few dollars. My cousin, William Isham, agreed to do this. When asked, he said he was not interested in the Balkans, but in spite of that he remained our faithful friend as long as he lived, and he lived to handle large sums for us, such as $100,000 from the Hall estate.

Dr. H. B. Frissell, president of Hampton Institute, was another heavily burdened friend who rose magnificently to the occasion of our need. His first piece of advice to us was to get Dr. Leander T. Chamberlain on the Board of Trustees. This was done, and he was made Chairman of the Board.

We were frantically busy these last weeks before we sailed for Thessaloniki, for the school had to be incorporated under the Laws of the State of New York. Only

my brother could have put this through in the time at our disposal. The work was done in the office of Lord, Day and Lord, and in spite of the rush it went through smoothly. One of their lawyers went with Henry to get the last signature necessary, which was that of Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall. The papers followed him to the dock, where he had gone to welcome his friend, the great German theologian, Dr. Harnack.

We were to have yet another demonstration of the guidance of Providence. We discovered a week before we sailed that the school could not be incorporated unless it was actually in existence and without debt. This would have been impossible if it had not just secured a teacher and cancelled the existing debts. The last installment of the debt on the land was paid to Mr. Metcalf, who returned it as a gift to the school, and the missionaries decided to cancel all debts with this money.

We found on our return to Thessaloniki that our first incompetent teacher had been replaced by Miss Effa Busheva, who mothered the boys in the little farmhouse. She cared for them when they were sick, and they loved her and improved fast under her. She carried on very courageously, for the farmer's wife had died soon after her arrival. Two small rooms had been added at each end of the porch of the farmhouse, one of which she occupied.

The boys lived in one of the big rooms. They slept in it at night on the floor, rolling their beds up in the daytime as they did in their village homes, and turning the place into a schoolroom in the morning.

There was a shed at one side of the house for the animals. On the other side was a village oven, heated, as in our grandmothers' day, by burning fuel in it. After sweeping it out the loaves were placed to bake on the hot brick floor.

The boys were taught to bake their own bread, and later

they made brooms from the broom corn grown on the place, for we studied carefully the smallest expense.

In a short time our fellow missionaries in other stations became interested in the school to which they had been opposed at first. They soon saw what sort of boys we were likely to turn out, and the summer after our return to Thessaloniki they decided that we should go to the farm and take charge of the school.

There was another interesting reason for the establishment of a school like ours. Before passports had become a menace to peace, the Turks gave a *nafus* (pass) to their Macedonian subjects to use when they were travelling. It often happened that the nationality of the student written in these papers depended on the nationality of the school which he attended.

There was keen rivalry among these schools which had been established in Macedonia by the various Balkan peoples. They competed not only in the character of the school itself, but in the scholarships offered, which often included food and clothing. Each nation wanted to be the most popular and the most numerous when the Turk was finally driven from Europe, so the boys took on the nationality of the school they attended. A man might, therefore, have sons of various nationalities—Serbian, Greek, Bulgarian, or Rumanian, according to the school each one attended.

This was confusing and demoralizing, and we wanted our school to have a different outlook. We wanted our boys to feel also that they contributed toward their education by their work, and to glory in the fact.

Just as we prepared to take charge of the school, a political misunderstanding arose between the French Government and the Porte * which had far-reaching results for us.

France demanded that French schools in Turkey should

* Turkish Government.

be acknowledged by the *irade* * of the Sultan. The British and American Governments then demanded the same concessions for their schools under the "Most Favoured Nation" clause of the treaties. Our school was included on the list, and in 1907 was acknowledged by *irade* of the Sultan, together with all the old and important schools in Turkey. If this had not been done it would have been very difficult to obtain the Royal Decree that was later given to the school by the Greek Government.

Instead of retiring from work as we grew older (Henry was now sixty-one years old) we now entered into a more strenuous life, and in 1906, just before Thanksgiving Day, we moved to our new home at the school.

There was so little money to run the place that Henry offered to continue to work part time with the Mission, and to receive only part of his salary from the school. By this arrangement he continued to work at the office in Thessaloniki as Station Treasurer. He not only kept on the growing book department there, but also preached in the city and at the school on alternate Sundays. He also did his share of touring.

There seemed no other way to manage, but it was heavy work for my husband. After graduating from college, our daughter Ruth joined us when we went to live at the school, and for years gave her services.

Something I had dreaded for so long came to pass, but now that I was actually up against it, it became much less fearful to me. The lonely farm, out in a waste of barren country, with no earthly help in case of danger, became home. I felt it particularly trying to take Ruth there, but without her I do not see how we could have done the work, for it needed the stimulus of youth.

James Hall had been put up, not only for us to live in, but for the growing school. When we moved into it, the

* An Imperial Turkish decree.

outer doors were still not up. It was at some distance from the other buildings and we slept alone in the empty house, though now and then workmen slept in the basement. A shepherd dog who had always stayed near the boys attached himself to us the first night we were there, and became Ruth's most faithful companion. He always lay under her window, in all kinds of weather, although there was a porch for shelter a short distance away.

The farmer helped Henry plan the boys' work most carefully. They changed the hour for rising and morning prayers, and formed the boys into two groups, so that the farm work could go on all the time. One group worked in the morning and studied in the afternoon, and vice versa.

Henry had to be in the city three or four days a week, and Ruth and I taught and supervised the housework. We also had to see that the boys remained on their jobs—the most difficult task of all. Our boys were like all other boys.

The school was founded on a theory that had never been tried out, and so it was difficult to find teachers. Entirely experimental, those who nursed its infancy had to learn as they taught.

Henry never doubted the result of his venture, but he often had to convince others. Teachers with preconceived ideas of education are not always easy to influence, for not even Henry guessed how far his pebble flung in faith would stir the water.

After Miss Busheva left, we had to educate our first academic teacher to our point of view, and when he fully grasped it he became an enthusiast, and not only saw that the boys worked but helped in the carpenter shop. Such a scheme was startling to anyone whose preconceived ideas of education were along wholly conventional lines.

The building was ready to receive the boys about two months after we went to live at the school, but it was a very long time before it was actually finished.

In this house we had living quarters, with kitchen and dining room; there was a big kitchen for the boys where they had their meals, a dormitory, and a classroom.

Soon the dormitory was too small for the growing school, and Henry decided to turn the big attic into another. There was no money, of course, so we could not do it all at once; but every now and then a friend would slip a few dollars into a letter, which Henry immediately converted into boards. These were hurried into the attic and nailed into place by the boys, but it was several years before the entire floor was covered, and the basement completely finished.

The old wooden plow, now a museum piece, gave place to a steel plow. The Trustees next sent a harrow and a cultivator. Lack of funds seemed habitual with us, and Henry desired a barn. He had long since realized that there were more ways than one of doing things, and he set to work without money.

A Turkish bey * on a big farm not far away had let us take stone for the foundation of James Hall, and he now gave us permission to take more for the foundations of the barn. Some of the boys dug the foundations, others drew the stone, and the older boys with the teacher laid the foundations according to a plan drawn by Henry. Before it was finished, a gift of ten pounds from a friend in India provided our first bricks. I do not think that barn was delayed for a single day from lack of funds.

Our first visitors from America were Mr. Metcalf and his family in 1907, the year when the house was built. There was no money for a guest room, and we had no sick room for the boys. We decided to go into debt for $500 to finish them off, so we were ready for guests. Mr. Metcalf knew about this debt and before he left he gave the same amount to the school toward the running expenses,

* Gentleman.

but stipulated that it was not to be used for the debt. What he did not know was that at the time of his gift we did not have one dollar in hand to feed those hungry boys!

As we rejoiced over this good fortune a letter from Miss Grace Dodge lay in the Thessaloniki post office with another $500 to pay for the debt on the building.

Further good fortune followed the Metcalfs' visit. From Thessaloniki they went on to the Holy Land, and made friends with a Mrs. Mary P. Gill, a shy, neglected member of the same party. She did not seem to be endowed with this world's goods, and so Mr. Metcalf was much surprised when she gave him $1,000 for the school, about which she had heard him talk. Until her death she remained our friend, and from time to time sent us gifts. In her will the school received $10,000 toward an endowment.

People began to prove to us substantially that they believed in our ideals, for every actual need was always met.

Our first industrial teachers came to us in various interesting ways.

A master builder, who was also a lay preacher, wanted more training as a pastor. The Mission wanted to help him in this but he had a family to support while he studied. He seized this opportunity of providing a home, food, and a little money for the family, which he earned while teaching his trade to the boys. Half the day he taught, the rest of the day he studied under Henry, with help from the other missionaries.

A young shoemaker, a tailor, and then a fourth man soon joined the class. They supplied our need for teachers, and gave in a way more valuable help than money. They not only prepared themselves for work in the ministry, but they taught the boys, provided shoes and clothing for them, and did building and carpentry work, for which we could not afford to hire men.

In the end, we gave up teaching shoemaking and tailor-

ing, as they were hardly an essential part of a farmer's education, but in those early days they helped us over our economic difficulties. It was these simple beginnings that made the school what it is today. It made an appeal to the people it wished to serve. It was not a rich school where boys got a free education, it did not compete with nationalities that were trying to attract scholars for political reasons, but it was a school for boys who wanted an education badly enough to work for it.

Here is an extract from Henry's report of our first year at the school:

"One pleasant feature of our work is the world-wide extent of the interest shown in it. We count among our helpers friends from California, on the Pacific, to Madras, on the Indian Ocean; Americans from one end of the United States to the other; British from various parts of the Island Kingdom; Swiss, Bulgarians, Greeks, Albanians, and Serbians from Bulgaria and Turkey; German, American and Swiss friends in Egypt and India. From Europe, Asia, Africa and America have come material aid and words of encouragement. May we not take courage, and go forward, relying upon the goodness and guidance of God our Father, and the sympathy of our many friends?"

Hassan, our guard, was one of the early notables of the school, and its history would be incomplete without mention of him.

Before the school began he helped Dr. Haskell and General Howell while they were doing relief work in Macedonia. They worked near his house in the mountains close to the Albanian border where they first came across him. Once they had to send five hundred pounds to another worker over the mountains, and Hassan was chosen to take it. The money was handed over to him. One of his friends heard of it. "Why not take the money and escape into your mountains?" he suggested. "No one could get you there, and you would be rich for life."

" My father did not teach me to do things like that," was the reply.

The police system of Turkey was bad then. The guards walked the streets at night with becoming faithfulness, pounding the stones with their big sticks to show they were doing their duty, and also to warn would-be thieves which side of the square would be safe to work on. It was the custom for all schools, business places, and wealthy families to employ an Albanian guard, for an Albanian's word is his bond, and his honour to his master cannot be shaken.

We took Hassan as our guard to the school, and besides watching the place he watched us. He took us to the city, and met Henry when he returned at night. He was strict with us, and scolded thoroughly if Henry tried to come back alone in the dark. There had been murders along the deserted roads, which were an admirable setting for tragedy.

Once as he drove Ruth and me from the city we passed a group of men at work. The wind caught our veils and blew them out, and the men began to laugh. Hassan flung the reins to me, sprang out, and laid his whip smartly about the men's shoulders. There were about twenty of them, and they offered no resistance, perhaps because he carried his guard's pistol.

I remonstrated with him on his return.

" It is not for my honour to have them call ' ough ha, ough ha,' after my ladies! " he cried.

People who do not know how wild the Macedonian village boys can be, can hardly realize how difficult Ruth and I sometimes found them. With little discipline in their homes, they very often ran wild with the cattle from the time they were big enough to wander from the village.

We tried all sorts of ways of turning them into socially conscious beings. I remember making one boy put on an old shoe and kick the earth fifty times because he had kicked a cat just for the pleasure of kicking something.

The other boys stood around and jeered, which was the hardest part of his lesson.

These small untamed creatures reacted to kindness very soon; they learned to give and take, to do service for others for the love of doing it.

Every Saturday Ruth and I met the boys for a couple of hours and helped them with their mending. We mended the more complicated things, but simple repairs they did for themselves. These meetings were great fun, and we all enjoyed them.

As the school grew, more and more boys came from countries that had always been at enmity with each other. We thought this might give a lot of trouble, but they worked and played together in perfect understanding.

The washing was a problem with us. In the summer all the blankets had to be washed. We had not enough water, nor did we have the proper facilities. The matron and Hassan would organize a party and drive off to the river about two miles away, with a wagon load of blankets, a great picnic lunch, and the boys, who washed and paddled to their hearts' content. While the hot sun dried the blankets, they lunched and played before coming home.

The boys had very few clothes and it was always difficult to see to it that they had a clean outfit for Sunday. I remember some trying experiences now and then because of their lack of clothing. One year, just before Christmas, the carpenter's little girl caught diphtheria. The boys' clothing had been washed and then mended in the room where she had been taken sick, so we had to wash everything all over again. Just as the washing was finished, down came the rain! It rained for days, and one has to know the rain and mud of Macedonia to picture our establishment at that time. There was wet clothing hanging in every nook and corner!

A hard life, but a good one, and we watched the gradual

blossoming of our wilderness. Every free Sunday afternoon we would walk over the farm to see the changes of the week. We were often accompanied by two dogs, a couple of cats, and a small donkey. The latter was one that had been bought by one of the boys for a few cents from a passer-by. Its mother had died, so they brought it up by hand, and it was a great joy to everyone.

On these walks Henry noticed every change, for he loved each tree and blade of corn. In the quiet of these afternoons he must have let his mind run over many plans for the future; have seen beauty that could be coaxed into every fold of the earth—a garden there, here a well.

He came upon an ancient aqueduct of considerable size that ran across our farm. On questioning the villagers, he heard that it was supposed to have carried water to fortifications which were on a cape running into the sea in front of us. It always seemed to Henry that it was on much too big a scale for that, for it was capable of carrying an immense body of water. He had many interesting speculations as to whether the part that passed under the farm could not be cleaned out and used as a ground reservoir for storing surface water. This was the beginning of the American Farm School.

XII

THE BUDDING OF THE STICK

"Whenever I saw a thistle I plucked it, and I planted a flower wherever I thought a flower would grow."

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A SECOND time we were to see the birth of a nation, for our first years at the school were the last years of Turkish rule in Macedonia.

The villagers were in a state of constant terror. Bands of comitadjis kept the country uneasy. At any moment they might visit a village, demand food, a night's lodging, and no refusal was allowed.

Before we went to the school some people visited us from a distant village. I mentioned the state of affairs in the city, but they thought we had little to complain about.

"It seems so peaceful to us here! At home we have to be on guard almost every night, for we never know when one of the bands will come to the village, and we have to warn our visitors that the soldiers are coming," they told us.

The summer of 1908 was ripe for revolution, for by that time the situation was even more complicated.

My daughter Ruth and I were in Samakov, Bulgaria, when we got the startling news of the revolution of the Young Turks, which turned Thessaloniki, as the center of the revolution, into a pleasure ground for three days. Henry was at the school and his letters to us were most thrilling, but even they had not prepared us quite for the changes that greeted us. This is what he wrote:

" The perils of the Autocratic government were soon again to become evident by that most unexpected revolution of the so-called ' Young Turks ' early in 1908. An association of liberal Moslems had for some time existed in Paris. The name of their society was the ' Society of Liberty.' Secret branches of this society existed in Macedonia and one was found in Thessaloniki. The existence of this society in Thessaloniki had been discovered by Abdul Hamid through his spies, who were everywhere in 1907, but the Sultan had not discovered who the individuals were. It was on the tenth of July that two officers of the Third Corps, whose headquarters were in Monastir, issued a proclamation of the revival of the Constitution of 1876. The names of these two young officers were Naizi Bey and Enver Bey. They were stationed outside the city of Monastir and the Constitution was proclaimed in the town of Resne. I have learned that the Constitution was also proclaimed in Monastir and Uskub.

" The Commander of the Third Army Corps, Shemshi Pasha, was loyal to the Sultan. The agents of the conspirators shot him and the Third Army Corps was brought into the Revolution. The Sultan, upon hearing of this revolt, ordered the Turkish army in Smyrna to go to Macedonia to subdue the revolt. They refused and threw in their lot with the revolution.

" The revolutionary party in Thessaloniki were now free to act so that the whole army of this region were with the conspirators. The leaders of the revolution were now so strong that they telegraphed to the Sultan that he must immediately proclaim the Constitution of 1876, which he had abolished, and if this was not done in some twenty-four hours, they would be marching upon Constantinople with an army of fifty thousand men. The Sultan had no other course to pursue and on July the 11th he issued a Communique, reinstating the Constitution in the Empire. So sudden had all these movements been that the Communique seemed to the Moslem world of Constantinople like a bolt of lightning out of a clear sky.

" On July 24th I went into the city from the Farm and entered into a Jewish stationery shop to make a purchase, when I heard the booming of cannon. I inquired of the proprietor, and he answered:

A Grafting Lesson on the School Property

Spraying Fruit Trees on the Farm

"'Why, they are proclaiming "Liberty."'

"I had never heard the Turkish word which he used because the use of it had been forbidden by the censor, so my Jewish friend had to interpret in French. I could not believe his words and went into the shop of another friend and inquired as to the truth of the matter. I found that they were actually proclaiming the Constitution of Midhat Pasha, of 1876, the man who had been assassinated for his liberal views. The whole city was up in arms with astonishment, joy and good will.

"For three consecutive evenings immense processions with many bands and thousands of Japanese lanterns paraded the city. Joy was exhibited on every hand, and even the Turkish women were talking to officers and others in the street cars—an unheard-of thing. As I rode along I heard the cries of newsboys—also unheard-of before. All this would have seemed unbelievable if we had not seen it with our own eyes. It did not seem to tally with the Koran. The words 'liberty, fraternity, and equality,' were placarded in the street. It was, indeed, too good to last long, but it did last for some time, and all the revolutionary bands were called in, bringing their arms, because the Turks informed them that they too were revolutionists and 'we are all brothers.'

"When the leaders of the Young Turks reached Constantinople with their troops they found themselves opposed by counter-revolution in the streets of the city, but the troops of the revolutionists subdued the opposition after much bloodshed. This sealed the fate of Abdul Hamid II. He was removed from the throne and brought a prisoner to Salonika (as Thessaloniki was then known), where he was in confinement for three years. Mahomet V, a man of kindly disposition, was called to the throne."

Many of the women of Thessaloniki belonged to a sect called *Dunme,* converts from Judaism to Moslemism. They were less strict in their dress than in other cities. The enveloping *yashmak* and *fereje* (street costume of Turkish ladies) was discarded by many of them for a

street garment cut in a style that conformed somewhat to the prevailing fashion, although it concealed the figure. A small black veil was dropped over the face instead of the becoming *yashmak*. This veil was seldom lifted in the street.

On the journey home from Bulgaria after the revolution, Ruth and I were most surprised to see a Turkish woman from Constantinople in the railway carriage. She wore no veil or wrap, and moreover talked as freely with the railroad guard as she did with us. She was heart and soul in favour of the revolution and the Young Turk movement. She had a pile of newspapers with her and distributed them to the people in the trains we passed.

This year brought us sorrow and disappointment. We had looked forward to a visit from one of our first friends, Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, of the Board of Directors of the school and a charter member. He was in London, his tickets bought for Thessaloniki, when a cable arrived recalling him home because a member of his family was seriously ill. Not long after we heard with deep sorrow of his death.

Dr. Leander T. Chamberlain, President of the Board of Directors, came to see us in 1909, and greatly encouraged us. He spent twelve days with us and went into everything that concerned the farm most carefully. He was one of our most helpful advisers, and gave money for many improvements that were necessary. His interest in the work from the beginning was keen, and when he heard that occasionally we were without the means to go on with the work, he wrote:

"You shall never be in such a position again. I will beg or borrow the money, but I will see that you have $1,300 every quarter."

He kept his word.

He died in 1913, and we found that his help was to remain with us always, for he had left the school $100,000. It was some years before the estate was settled and then we received less than half this sum.

The year 1908 was one of serious drought; suffering and discouragement were all around us because of it. Henry began then to study the comparatively new method of dry farming, which he thought would suit the country.

In 1909 the Rev. Mr. William Cooper joined the Thessaloniki Station. A young man and unmarried, he was most anxious to learn the language of the people he had come to serve. Because he felt that there would be fewer interruptions at the farm, he asked if he might board with us.

He worked very hard at the language, but found time to help about the farm as well. He knew all about the reaper and binder. Harvesting with a sickle seemed slow work to him, so he wrote to the McCormick Harvester Company and asked them to give us one of their machines. They promised to do this if their agent in Macedonia approved. He was one of Henry's former students and most interested in the School, so that Mr. Cooper was very soon able to help set up our own machine. It caused a great deal of interest, as no one on the farm had seen one before.

This letter, written shortly after we went to live at the school, shows how we felt about things:

" Dear Uncle:

" We are not like Simon Stylites planting dry sticks in the desert and trying to testify to our faith in God by *pretending* to believe that He will cause them to leaf out.

" We have planted our sticks, if you will, and they have budded and blossomed, and are bearing fruit to God's glory.

" We have not watered our sticks for nearly thirty-five years only to have to pretend that God has blessed the work. I could write pages of what God has wrought among us."

Though the work referred to in that letter meant the whole of our work as missionaries, it did apply more particularly to our work in the school. To those of us who had its blossoming so near to our hearts, the tiny buds were apparent even in those early struggling days along the entire length of the dry sticks.

In 1910 we had a trip to Beirut. In looking over old papers I came across the letter that helped to make this visit possible:

"The Russell Company,
Massillon, Ohio.

"My dear Dr. House:

"I am led to believe that the work you are engaged in is absorbing more than it should of your own and your family's means of support.

"The enclosed is not for the school, but for yourselves, and is to be regarded as replacing, in so far as it will, what belongs to you collectively. See to it that you do not, in your work, let your love for your neighbour surpass your love for yourselves.

"I met you years ago, when Charles H. [Henry's brother] was at old Hudson; then I just met you when Adelbert honoured herself by honouring you. Hoping you will long be spared to your chosen field, I am one who does not quite believe in Foreign Missions, as they are too often conducted, but who does believe in you.

"C. N. Russell,
Hudson '78."

Part of our Beirut trip tumbled out of the envelope. Henry sighed as he gave up one or two cherished schemes for the farm, but Ruth and I joyfully packed up.

About this time, Mr. Gentle-Cackett again came into the picture. This time he brought us our first pedigreed chicks from London. They were only three days old and he cherished them all across Europe, climbing out of the train at wayside stations to pick grass for them. The

Society he represented also sent us English pigs and pedigreed cattle. After he watched our boys carelessly handling kerosene lamps, they also gave the money to start the electric light plant at the school.

In 1909 we had suddenly awakened one morning to find we had a new neighbour in Sultan Abdul Hamid, with about sixteen of his wives. They had been settled overnight in the Villa Allitini, halfway between the farm and the city. The next year the new Sultan visited Thessaloniki, and our boys joined the city schools in forming his guard of honour. They wore a uniform of light gray duck, with red ribbons and a red fez, and they carried a red satin banner a meter square, with the name of the school embroidered on it.

A day of little things indeed! How nice we thought they looked as they marched off, and yet the very shoes they marched in called for all our ingenuity.

Shoes were expensive and lasted a very short time, for the soles were made of paper with a thin veneer of leather. The school cook, perhaps better at cobbling than cooking, was called upon to overhaul the shoes. We bought good sole leather and remade the shoes into quite respectable sandals which kept the boys' feet off the ground in bad weather, and shod them suitably for Sunday. A Princeton football that had doubtless taken part in glorious games had been donated to us, and was one of the boys' most treasured possessions for some time; but when it was too worn out for further games it was pressed into shoe service, and ended its career as sandals!

During our first year at the school, Dr. Chamberlain sent out maximum and minimum dry and wet thermometers, and a rain gauge. This began Henry's careful recording of the weather during the years that followed up to the end of his life.

Fortunately these observations provided missing records

and when the Greek Government started meteorological stations in Macedonia, they were used to fill the gaps. Later, an official Meteorological Station for the district was established at the School.

Weather was seldom so bad that Henry would not run out to take the weather records, twice a day. A narrow ash-strewn path led from our house to the rain gauge, and many a boy will remember seeing his figure passing rapidly along this path in after years, when perhaps many other things about the school have become hazy memories.

One of his great anxieties was phyloxera, a disease which attacked the grapes, for he saw that it had got a foothold in the country and that vineyards were doomed unless something was done. He therefore imported the resistant wild grape stock from the Department of Agriculture in Washington. Later, cuttings of various varieties of grapes were sent to him from California, and in return he sent Greek cuttings to America, and was afterwards told that at least one variety was of value for exporting.

Once when some men from a village near us discussed the trouble they were having with their vineyards while our vineyard was doing well, one of them said: " They pray."

" Yes," said Henry, " we pray, and we spray! "

In those days our harvesting seasons were merry, though quite different in comparison with the efficient work done now with reaper and binder, with tractor and harvester.

It seemed a happy frolic, although a dusty one. Studies completely ceased, for all hands were wanted in the harvest field, to wield the sickle, to drive the horse and oxen that trod the grains. A jolly party of boys would carry in the sheaves, strew them on the threshing floor, and drive the animals around and around in a big circle. Sometimes we had a shoe-shaped stone boat for the purpose; then the boys would pile on to it to increase the weight.

The farmer's wife, our matron and cook at that time,

laid aside other work for the harvesting; and when the reaping was nearly done the women gathered in the big kitchen to make the pies that the reapers expected after each kind of grain was reaped.

The boys were taught the use of carpenter's tools, and in time became quite skillful. They started on very simple things, but later they did complicated work, and helped to make the furniture for James Hall. The teachers and scholars of Hampton Institute raised the money to furnish the schoolroom in James Hall. Henry bought good wood, and drew the plans for some very nice desks. This Hampton room was beautiful when finished and everyone felt that he had a share in finishing it. It even had an organ which had been given by friends in Orient, Long Island, as a result of an entertainment given by the young people of that place.

Furnishing this room proved the forerunner of other similar efforts, and from it sprang the big school workshop of today.

After living at the school for a couple of years, two small native cows were added to our live stock. These two little cows were the nucleus of the big modern dairy of today, with its daily route through the city of Thessaloniki bringing clean fresh milk to mothers and babies—a dairy famous enough to be considered worthy of an article in the New York *Times!*

In 1908 our library was started, very little larger than Dr. Eliot's famous bookshelf. It now has over 5,000 books, having been greatly aided by a grant from the Carnegie Endowment Fund of nearly $2,500.

During 1910 Henry severed his official connection with the American Board, and his salary was taken over by the school. He still continued his interest in the work in the city, and Mr. Haskell, Mr. Cooper, and he often met together and discussed plans. He could, however, no longer

spare the time to visit the outlying villages, but many of the students came from places in which he had worked, and their parents and friends paid us visits from time to time.

He found it difficult to give up working for the American Board, for the work was close to his heart, but the ever-growing school needed all the time he could give to it, just as the mission had demanded all his energies earlier in his life. Every now and then he was called to take some part in the mission work, and on occasions to attend meetings in Bulgaria.

He often received letters from his old pupils in Bulgaria. One such came from one of the girls during the last year of his life. She told him how he had helped her and asked him to pray for her son, who was going away to school.

Before Christmas, in the year 1911, my brother wrote to suggest that it was high time we all had a holiday in America. He would pay our expenses. How thrilled Ruth and I were, for we longed for a change of scene. To Henry it meant leaving his beloved school, and the times were too critical to think of such a thing. I knew how true this was, but I believed in miracles, and so did Ruth.

The day after Christmas Henry became very ill, and an anxious month followed, but by February he was well again, and once more we began to plan for America. The joy at the thought of seeing our children again was always in my mind. We packed and repacked the large steamer trunk which we kept in the attic, meanwhile searching the antiquarian shops of Thessaloniki for remembrances for our friends.

Then the longed-for miracle did happen. It was decided that Mr. William Cooper would take our place during our absence. He had become engaged to Mrs. Edward Haskell's sister, who was as interested as he in the development of the school, and they decided that their first home should be at the school. In those first days we worked happily

together with the members of our station, although, strictly speaking, Henry's venture was not under the American Board.

How little we knew what burdens lay ahead for them during that year.

All this time our difficulties were enhanced by the politics of poor distressed Macedonia. Intrigue after intrigue went on, revolution after revolution, and war after war; it never seemed to end, and here Henry's record of those times should be enlightening:

"On September 20, 1911, Italy declared war upon Turkey in order that she might obtain Tripoli in Africa as a part of her domains. The Young Turks looked upon this stroke of Italy as a most unjust and unfriendly act, coming as it did just as they were trying to organize a free Ottoman Empire. However, Italy resolutely pursued her object and obtained her desire in the peace which was signed on October 15, 1912.

"Encouraged by Italy's success, the Balkan States began to be restless and look about to see what they could do, and finally an alliance was agreed upon between the four Balkan States in October, 1912. These states were Montenegro, Serbia, Greece, and Bulgaria.

"The Bulgarian army pushed out toward Adrianople; the Greeks toward Monastir and Uskub; and the Montenegrins went toward Scutari in Albania. The Bulgarians, after certain successes near-by, turned northeast toward Kirk Klissi and southeast toward Adrianople. They had victory after victory, until at Lule Bourgas there occurred one of the great battles of modern times with 350,000 troops involved. The Serbians were victorious at Kuminova and then occupied Uskub (the Skoplje of today). The Greeks were able in October to occupy Thessaloniki. In six weeks the Turkish possessions in Europe had shrunk to a district twenty-five miles out of Constantinople. The large cities, Constantinople, Adrianople, Yannina, and Scutari were still left to Turkey; all these cities, except Constantinople, were surrendered at the treaty of London, May 30, 1913.

" The disappointment because of the insistence of the Powers upon the independence of Albania caused disagreements among the Balkan allies. Serbia and Greece, and later Rumania, joined in the conflict against Bulgaria, so that this short war resulted in the defeat of Bulgaria. Serbia and Greece, by the treaty of Bucharest, were given most of Macedonia and Thrace."

Troubled times in the Balkans meant troubled times for our school, for the boys were drawn from all the warring nations. Naturally, their minds turned upon passing events, and their restlessness rose to fever pitch.

During 1912-1913 we were in America; but by that time the school was indeed part of us, so that the intense anxiety caused by the trend of events in the Balkans was by no means lessened in the homeland.

Mr. Cooper's hand was at the wheel, and he never faltered in his most difficult task as he steered the little ship of our hopes through the troubled waters.

Excerpts from our sixth annual report will show what difficulties he faced at the school, and gives a very good picture of the times.

" Scarcely, however, had the school opened on September 19, 1912, when the dogs of war were let loose in our land. It was particularly exciting in Macedonia because our people saw, or thought they saw, the dawn of freedom for which they had watched and waited all through their lives, as it had been waited and longed for through centuries by their ancestors. The air was full of rumours; the roads were crowded with soldiers and munitions of war; the whole land was aflame with martial excitement, and it was not natural that boys under such circumstances should feel any special interest in arithmetic and grammar. It was hard for them to concentrate their minds.

" On Friday, November 1st, we listened all day to the distant booming of cannon at the battle of Yenije Vardar, twenty-five miles across the bay. We knew that hundreds were falling, but we felt that it meant freedom from the Turkish yoke. We know

now from eyewitnesses how terrible was the slaughter, and how unburied corpses lay for ten days upon the plain. . . .

"A few days later entrenchments were thrown up just by our farm, but it was a last vain show, for already it had been decided to surrender the city without further needless loss of life. On Saturday, November 8th,* the clang of bells and shriek of whistles coming over the hill told us that the Turkish rule had ceased in ancient Thessaloniki.

"We all turned out to see the troops enter the city, the excitement was very great, and was universal. Indeed, it was not until the following Thursday that our teachers were content to begin their work again, and every day during this time we went to the city to see the unusual sights and to witness the extraordinary scenes."

The new Greece that we were to serve was born out of all the storm and stress of those times, and we who had left Turkey for our furlough returned to this new Greece. Once again the nationality of the country in which we were to live had changed.

When we returned to Thessaloniki we were greeted by the news of a cholera epidemic in the city. One of our graduates visited the school while he was feeling ill and died there. Thessaloniki had taken on a most depressed air, for people were afraid to go about. Trolleys were almost empty, the streets were silent, white lime was sprinkled everywhere. The boys at the school were afraid and some felt ill. It cheered them to see us back, and we persuaded them that they were suffering from fright and not from cholera.

Our daughter Ethel came back with us, on her way to Sofia to help Miss Elizabeth Clarke in the Kindergarten because her father was ill.

In spite of all these outside troubles, the school progressed. It thrilled Henry in the early days to compare the

* St. Demeter's Day, October 26th, by the Julian Calendar.

crop yields. Each succeeding year brought us greater abundance, until it seemed to us that our effort was being returned to us a hundredfold. Gradually, by the generosity of friends, our original block of land was increased until we held sixty-four acres, which included a piece of the sea front. The blossoming of our land seemed to us like the unfolding of some wonderful plan, or the coming true of a dream.

XIII

THE GREAT WAR

"Peace cannot be kept by force. It can only be achieved by understanding."

—Albert Einstein.

In the summer of 1914 we were in Austria, speeding Ethel on her journey back to America, where she was to be married.

The news of the assassination of the Archduke and his wife reached us while we were there; but in spite of the sudden gloom in the city, we little realized what it was all to mean and how much terror, suffering, and destruction were to follow. How little we understood what modern war meant during those few days in Vienna.

We watched from our hotel windows the spruce young officers sitting in the gardens. They were handsome and attractive in their gay uniforms, so soon to be replaced by the somber garb of battle. Each evening they stood at attention while the band played the Austrian National Anthem, but I do not remember that there was much enthusiasm among the people.

It was so sad to watch the partings at the railway stations, where mothers and wives gathered for a last glimpse of these merry young soldiers who were perhaps never to return.

We felt anything but happy ourselves, for Ethel was to sail on the *Imperator*. Her luggage, which included her wedding dress, had gone on before her, and so we decided that it was best to let her go.

Germany had not entered the war when she left, but

two days later we learned that the sailing of the *Imperator* had been cancelled. By this time Serbia was closed to traffic, and it was impossible to return to the school by the way we had come, so we decided to make our way to Trieste and to catch a Greek steamer there.

In spite of all our experience in Balkan wars, we had no idea how this war was to change our lives, besides changing the ordered plan of society nearly all the world over.

Ethel caused us intense anxiety. It was impossible to communicate with her by telegram. We knew she was with entire strangers, and almost without money, but there was nothing to be done but to leave her in the Lord's care.

The journey to Trieste from Vienna was most beautiful. Ignorant of what lay ahead, and in spite of our anxiety for Ethel, we enjoyed it.

The train was made up for the most part of box cars, and these were filled with soldiers, and decorated with flowers. We were received with enthusiasm at the stations, while the peasants stopped work in the fields to watch the train pass.

The American Consul in Trieste was not able to help us about Ethel. He, poor man, was overwhelmed by the crowd of American tourists who were stranded in the city. When we went to get our steamer tickets for Greece the next morning, these distracted Americans were there too, for the ship which had brought them from America, the *Kaiser Franz Joseph,* could not sail.

We had no hope of getting tickets for the first boat, but we eventually succeeded in getting them on a much smaller boat. Tucked away in our corner, we now began to feel the vibrations of the world upheaval. When we reached the dock to go on board the little steamer, we found they could not get clearance papers and so could not leave. We were told another ship would sail the following morning. We returned sadly to the hotel. The next morning we

PRINCETON HALL, MAIN BUILDING OF THE SCHOOL

DR. HOUSE AND BOYS AT WORK

gathered our belongings together again, and this time boarded a steamer timed to start for Patras at ten o'clock. We finished lunch before we saw the sailors loosen the ropes that held us to the shore we were so anxious to leave. Suddenly the bustle of departure ceased; ropes were tightened; a telegram had come at the last moment forbidding the ship to leave. All we could do was to return to the city and watch anxious days pass, while our supply of money dwindled. We began to think that our way home by sea was blocked, as well as the trip by land.

Others were equally anxious to leave; and one day an Austrian, who was married to a Russian doctor whom we knew, found us in our hotel and broke down and cried. She was so relieved at being able to join us.

Coal was being stored for future need and could not be had for any price. Without coal there was no hope of ships leaving the harbour, and their captains were more distracted at the delay than we were.

Finally, the great day came when we were able to get away, and I never remember being more thankful to get on a ship.

In Thessaloniki we found word waiting for us to say that Ethel had been befriended by a stranger, and had reached America safely, but minus her luggage and wedding dress; these reached her many months after her marriage, forwarded from Germany!

I think the school had never seemed so homelike to us as on our arrival from Trieste on that occasion.

Thessaloniki became a city full of people, an underworld of intrigue, with troops of many nations.

Its comfortable harbour was the prize desired of all the Balkans, and this made it one of the critical points during those war years. Here, where Saul of Tarsus preached, remained armies of warring nations through the bitter winters and in the dust of summer.

At the farm it was quiet enough; but it was somewhat difficult to work with the newest types of airships flying overhead, which we were eager to watch.

People liked to come to the farm. It was a respite from the restless, active city.

In the city money was being turned over faster than ever before in its history. The armies made work for thousands of native workmen, and the pay was good. Prices soared, and so among the old and the infirm, who could not work, it was a time of stress. These people the missionaries helped as best they could. They ran a soup kitchen, with scraps from the army kitchens which would otherwise have been thrown away.

The activities of the first year of war brought us many friends; but all this mild excitement was thrown in the shade by the events of the following years.

The entrance of the Allies into the Balkans completely changed the city from a slow, easy-going place to a city several times its usual size—a city of hospitals, supply depots, machine shops, and motor transports. It changed the order of our days at the school. Once we entertained visitors of sixteen nationalities within a few weeks. Once romance came to us, when an English doctor and nurse fell in love with each other and were married at sea in order to make the marriage ceremony valid; after which they came to us for a brief honeymoon before starting out for the front.

Two Canadian General Hospitals, No. 4 and 5, were the first army camps to settle on our side of the city, and they certainly vied with each other to show us kindness. As it was a time of unusual need their help was most valuable.

Other camps helped too, and the fertility of our fields was greatly increased by daily supplies of manure drawn into it by teams from the Base Horse and Mule Transports.

English, Serbian, and French camps sprang up all about

us. We sold them all the farm produce we could spare, and we supplied water to the passing soldiers whose need was great in the stifling summer heat.

Sometimes it was difficult to let them have all this water as they moved from the base camps to the front, but, somehow, we managed it, and when there was no wind our boys pumped by hand until nearly midnight in order to supply their needs and let them fill their canteens.

Officers and men came to us, drawn no doubt by the atmosphere of home. They filled our simple meetings, leading the singing. Many had fine voices and went out of their way in order to come to us. We always served them tea before they left.

Letters to my own children written during that time will give the best idea of what those days brought us:

"Nov. 9, 1915: I have been looking at a big French biplane that has been flying over the school. What wonderful things they are! The chickens and turkeys were very much frightened when it flew over the barnyard. . . .

"Our work goes on quietly, and it is almost impossible to believe all they tell us of the terrible things going on about us. I have not been to the city since we came from Monastir, so have seen nothing of the bustle there.

"Mr. and Mrs. J. Riggs Brewster are a great help. They are experienced teachers, young and full of energy. We are trying to put into practice every plan that will add to the economy and efficiency of our work; hardly a day passes but some improvement is not under way. The farm is in fine condition, and the school work is going on well.

"Mr. Cooper is on tour and has written to ask Father if he will accept eight more Greek boys, full pay. Father wrote no. He was afraid that money might not hold out, prices are so high. We have to pay three, four, and five times more than we used to for almost everything. Father bought 422 pounds of cheese today for about double what we used to pay. We thought we were

quite fortunate. We could easily fill the school, but you see that it would be doubtful wisdom in times like these.

"We have had several very pleasant guests lately. A Major in the British army has been here twice; we like him very much and he seems to enjoy it here."

"Dec. 14th. Everything is very uncertain for the future, politically. . . . No one can guess what will happen, but we trust that the fighting will not reach Salonika. Remember God reigns and will in His good time bring order out of confusion."

"Dec. 16th. A few days ago I wrote to someone that the fog was so thick that when it lifted we might find an army encamped about us, but I was surprised when the fog lifted a few days ago, enough so that we could see the main road, to find an aviation camp near the sea, directly in front of the school building. The men sometimes wave to the boys when they pass over us. The chickens are still disturbed by this big noisy bird.

"Father was able to get us a little wood from one of the camps that they were clearing up, and also some boxes to use as boards. We feel anxious to get all the wood we can at any reasonable price—the regular price in the city is ten times what it once was. When Father went to get the coke that was promised him, there was none to be had, or only a little, and the price was sixty dollars a ton!! As we depend on coke for our schoolroom fire, we fear our wood may run short, so we were very glad to get this."

"Dec. 20th. Father had a letter from an English officer the other day asking if they might use our new well for their camp out there; they were ready to pay any expense. They may not come here, but if they do they will be thankful for the well. It was quite interesting to have a young English orderly out here on an errand.

"There is a good deal of excitement in the city these days. The German ladies have left the city, and the German school is closed, I presume for lack of teachers. We have not heard yet that the Germans have begun their expected attack on the entrenchments that are to protect our city. The farthest are about thirty miles away, and there are several lines to be taken before they can reach the city. A French general has been here in-

specting the works and expresses himself well pleased with what had been done. He considers the city safe. It does not seem possible that the Germans can get one of their big guns down here. The mud is very bad, and we do not have German railroads.

" One of the consuls advised us to move our school away from the city about two weeks ago, but of course that was out of the question without money, and we should not have moved even if we had had the money. Now the outlook is more hopeful, and after all Father and I have been in tight places before."

" Dec. 23rd. Father just read from the paper that there was a net across our harbour to keep out the submarines. It is guarded by a French ship. It is a wonderful world in which we live! We are getting so used to seeing men flying about us that it is growing quite commonplace. Yesterday they put up a big hangar in the camp just in front of the school. There are other English and French camps near us, but none of any size."

" Dec. 31st. We have come to the last day of the Old Year, a year so crowded with sin, sorrow and suffering, that it is not good to look back upon. Thank God it is over. We are praying that the new year may close in peace, although there is so little sign of it now.

" The past week has been bright with sunshine and lovely sunsets, that have been all the more enjoyable because so rare of late.

" Yesterday was quite an exciting day. In the morning the Greek cavalry had a practice that ended in front of the school. One horse was killed instantly, another so badly hurt that it died, and one of the men was also hurt. About the same time we heard cannon in the city and rings of white smoke floated over the house. We learned later that a German airplane had been throwing bombs in the city. There have been so many different reports that I do not know just what damage was done, but a shepherd and five sheep were killed between the school and the city.

" Salonika is being very strongly fortified. It looked very black to us a few weeks ago, but the outlook is more hopeful now. The Germans say they intend taking the city and keeping

it, but the Allies think this is not possible. I think that the Germans are worse off than they will own, while the English are only beginning to tighten their belts.

" There is a large hospital camp between us and the city. The chaplain and two of the doctors have been out here. It is a Canadian unit from Vancouver. They are very interesting men, and seem more like Americans than English."

" Jan. 4, 1916. Yesterday's paper says that the departure of the consuls and others has saved the city from serious trouble; whether this is true or not, no doubt it is a relief to have active enemies out of the city, not to say safer.

" Father is making up his accounts these days, and it is sad, sad work. The school has never been more prosperous than now, nor has the prospect of wider usefulness been so sure as now."

" Jan. 28th. We are all fairly well and in peace and quiet. The Entente Powers seem to feel very confident that they can defend the city. . . . We are making new friends for ourselves and for the school, we hope, and are certainly finding the new conditions around us very interesting. It has been quite a surprise to us to find that so many of the officers approve very heartily of the school, and are so interested to help. The doctors from the Canadian hospital camp have offered in case of need to come out day or night. One of them has already been out just to see our sick people.

" There is a camp made up of troops from India between us and the city. It is the ' Base Horse Transfer Department,' and the officer in charge has given the school a permit to take all the manure. It is a fine thing for the farm.

" Yesterday was a very exciting day. Very early in the morning two regiments of English infantry passed through the farm and finally settled on either side of the school. The boys asked the men what they had come for, and were told that the Germans were coming and they were running away! They started before daylight, and it was evident that the move was to be a complete surprise. Even the officers would give us no information. The part of the manœuver that was carried out by the French must have been done in the night, for we soon noticed

that four big French cannons were planted on a hill at the edge of the farm, beyond our big mulberry orchard. It looked as if they were pointed directly at the school, but of course they would fire high over our heads. A soldier told us that on the hill at the farm two more cannon were placed out of sight. On the hill in front of us English soldiers began to dig trenches as soon as they arrived, and they are at it yet. Our well is supplying about three hundred men and many mules."

" Jan. 31st. Last night after dark the English regiments left, and we understand that the French are going in a day or two. The Allies have taken the Point, and perhaps other danger spots along the shore. The cannon have disappeared from the hill, and things look about as usual. The French camp is beyond the hill, and we do not see much of them."

" Feb. 7th. It is a week since the air raid, but I could not find the time to write to you about it.

" Monday night between half past two and three o'clock we heard a dull roar. The sound came again and again and every time our windows shook. There was no mistaking the ominous sound. Ruth's window was where she could see part of the city, and she looked out in time to see several bombs strike. Afterwards we went to the schoolroom, but no more bombs fell. All we could see was the fire that one bomb had kindled. You can imagine how anxious we were all day to hear what had happened. Accounts vary as to the number of killed and wounded; perhaps it was less than a hundred, mostly civilians.

" Three bombs fell near the Coopers, about a block away, and one quite near to the Mission house. Some think it was a Zeppelin, but I do not think anyone knows. We have been waiting for some weeks to hear of the arrival of the seventy nurses for the Canadian unit. They were in the harbour and still on shipboard that night, and a bomb burst close to the ship. Several pieces went through the ship just between the two apartments where the two sets of nurses were quartered! I think no one was hurt.

" We were none of us frightened or nervous, not even the Coopers. A very careful watch is being kept day and night, I think, and I never felt so confident as I do now that we are at

our post and that our Heavenly Father knows just what is best for us. He is as able to guide the fall of a bomb as to note the fall of a sparrow. . . .

"Our little Samuel, the farmer's son, is very ill, and one of the Canadian doctors is looking after him. You cannot imagine what a comfort these doctors are, and all are so cordial and seem so glad to do what they can for us. It does seem wonderful how much interest everyone seems to take in the school as soon as they have been here a little while. Think of Mr. Richard Baxter, a Scotch engineer, working for so many months without pay, just because of his interest in the work that is being done here. Then Mr. and Mrs. William Cooper not only took care of the school while we were away, but Mr. Cooper has interested others, and they are constantly helping to supply our needs. We have been sowing some new kind of grass seed that Mr. Cooper sent us for an experiment. Now Mr. and Mrs. Brewster have come and are throwing themselves heart and soul into the work. They have just given us a cream separator, and we are not only taking a great deal of interest in our new toy, but we are expecting to increase the amount of butter we can sell. We can use more skim milk and have the money with which to feed the boys."

"April 20th. The cable that was sent to America on Tuesday will tell the simple fact of the fire that destroyed our beautiful building. I know you will want to hear the full particulars as soon as possible.

"Saturday while we were at dinner, Ruth happened to mention that the young workman who was to repair the eaves troughs had come, and soon after that the cry was raised that the house was on fire. Without reporting himself, he had taken a pan of coals to the roof. A terrific wind was blowing from the side where he was working. In some way the roof took fire, and once started nothing could save the building. French soldiers from a near-by camp came very soon and worked until long after I wanted them out of the building, and Father stayed until I was nearly frantic.

"Our boys remembered a number of important things, the monitor of the school saving the school stamp, the typewriter

and the victrola records. The boy who attends to the cream separator wrenched it from its cement foundations, and brought it out safely with its many parts. Thanks to a few moments of very hard, efficient work, a good deal of bedding and furniture was saved, but it was very much a matter of what came first; there was little time for selection. We have so much to be thankful for—that it did not happen in the night, and that the weather was beautiful. A week has passed since the fire, and surely no people ever had so much loving sympathy crowded into one week. It is a beautiful story that I want you all to hear.

" Captain Gibson, one of the English chaplains, was here when the fire started, and worked as long as he could, then went for supplies. Soon after everybody was out of the building, a Red Cross ambulance arrived with provisions, and a little later another came on the same errand. We had hardtack, army bread, and trench rations over Sunday; tea and other things helped out. A young American private from a French hospital camp was coming to stay with us a few days because he had been ill and needed a little change and rest. He came while the building was burning, and although his visit was spoiled he put one hundred francs into Father's hands, the first gift after the fire. He also gathered some of the boys and soldiers before the burning building and took a picture, because he thought it ' would help to interest people.'

" Sunday morning our consul and his wife, with several other friends from the city, came to express their sympathy. They remained for the preaching service that we held under the trees. We had other visitors during the day. It was a quiet, restful time, as we determined to banish all thought of the work before us and make it a day of rest.

" Monday morning before breakfast Father and the boys began on the foundations for the cream separator, as we wanted our work to go on with as little interruption as possible. We did not gather the boys for lessons as the Easter vacation was to begin on Thursday. In the afternoon Mrs. Harley, of the Scottish Women's Hospital Camp, a sister of General French, sent two doctors and a nurse to express their sympathy and ask

what they could do. Miss Laird came in the morning to tell us how sorry she was. The nurses from the Canadian camp sent notes of sympathy and fifty francs, besides bread.

"Today Mr. Cooper came to consult us as to what had best be done about building, going on with the school, and feeding the silkworms. While we were talking a beautiful letter came from Miss James. She said:

"'It is like a personal blow almost, and a most deep and universal sympathy is felt for you in this time of sore trial.'

"The spirit of our meeting was encouraging and hopeful. Father telegraphed for more silkworms to replace those that were burned. We expect to begin school the second of May. The men are engaged to begin on the building after Easter, and the boys have already begun to draw lumber. Later in the day Mrs. Harley sent us a loan of twenty-five blankets and three cot beds, besides a big bag of clothing as a gift for the boys, with some nice things from Miss Laird. As the next Sunday was Easter and the boys had practically lost all but what they had on, you can imagine how thankful we were. We had a rush to provide so many boys with clothes on such short notice, but they all looked very neat as they gathered for service Easter Sunday.

"Wednesday was a busy day getting settled in our new quarters, but did not pass without showing how many friends we have. An officer and two men came to look over our motors. Captain Kennedy happened to hear that they needed attention, and the next morning the men were here.

"Thursday a friend from the city came out early in the morning with his contractor to look over the building. He decided he could make the building habitable for about $4,400. He also offered some building material he had at ten percent less than the market price and offered to lend Father 10,000 francs as long as he needed it. The Insurance Company settled with Father for the building in the afternoon. It was insured for nearly $4,400 and we got all but $600. General Howell came to ask if we did not want some tents.

"I forgot one very important and joyful happening: Mr. Baxter returned from Gallipoli and went right to work. Think

of what it means for Father to have such a man to help him in this time of need!

" Friday the boys began drawing material for the building. Mr. Baxter began working on the tool shed. He is fixing it up as a kitchen and dining room for the boys. We shall have an up-to-date school for a while, mostly out of doors. Our stove went through the fire but was not badly damaged, and this we put in the shed.

" I cannot tell you of all the calls and kind notes we have received as the days pass; there is only time for writing the bare facts. Every day the men come bringing from three to eight tons of manure for our fields. Toward night General Travers Clark, the quartermaster-general, came to say he would send two tents to us. We had not asked for them.

" Saturday afternoon we had a big tea. Mrs. Jackson had been planning to come out with a few friends, but after the fire we gave it up. Then they decided to come and bring their own food. There was quite a crowd, and as we sat at tea under the trees, several officers stopped to join us. We were about thirty-six in all, and after they were through we asked the eighteen men who were putting up the two big tents to sit down and have tea also. The Army and Navy were well represented at this gathering, as well as our Salonika friends.

" You will want to know how we managed to house our big family after the fire. Of course, we were fortunate in having the farm buildings and a good deal of bedding was saved. The farmer and his family live in one room of the old building with a little kitchen off it. The other room had been vacated by a workman and his family the morning of the fire. This room is our home. There is a little room off it that we have fixed up for Ruth. It is quite pleasant and convenient. The Brewsters have the little apartment over the oven. The boys found a place in the barn with one of the teachers, and Mr. Richards and the Greek teacher sleep on the Brewsters' porch. Baba, our faithful helper, and her family sleep in a room in the barn. Of course, there are many inconveniences to put up with, and night finds us good and tired, but we certainly have very much to be thankful for. It did not happen in winter, and it did not happen at

night. We can never be thankful enough for this. Ruth hurt her foot a little when she jumped out of the window. The halls were impassable very soon and much use was made of the low windows."

"Aug. 5th. The building is beginning to look quite hopeful, the beams for the roof are up on the schoolroom end of the building, and the cement floor is about four-fifths finished; windows and doors are well under way, and the boys' big dining-room is plastered. If this dreadful war is ever over we hope to get material very reasonably. I do hope America will keep out of the war. We have seen nothing of the real horrors, but we have seen enough to make us hate it. It is pitiful to see the long line of soldiers marching footsore, thirsty, and loaded down with seventy pounds, the thermometer standing at ninety-five perhaps, and then to think that many of them are marching to their death or untold suffering. We have given the Serbian soldiers more than fifteen hundred portions of Scriptures. The poor fellows are so glad to get them. When the troops are marching past and cannot stop the boys go out to the road, and they reach out so eagerly for them. Many, however, stop for water, and we can often have a little talk with them.

"The best piece of news I have left for the last. I should say THE piece of news. Today Father received a gift for the building of two hundred and three pounds from Dr. Henry S. Forbes, one of the American doctors who was here last year. It seems to me that this means much more to the school because he has been here several times and has seen for himself the work that is being done. He is the one who sent us the boxes of chocolate. I know you will rejoice with us."

"Nov. 17th. The schoolroom is finished, all but the last four or five desks. It is a beautiful room and we are very glad to have it again. It is wonderful that we have been able to get it up in times like these! Can we ever be grateful enough to Mr. Arthur Curtiss James for his gift which made this possible? Everyone thinks the building looks very well. Think how we worked for nearly ten years to get this building finished, and now we have nearly enough to put it all in order again."

"April 12th. Our farm is looking very well now. Some Eng-

lish soldiers were up here this morning and Father heard one of them say: 'This looks like civilization.' The officers, too, who come here seem so much impressed with the value and importance of the work. Our Sunday afternoon services keep growing. How the men enjoy coming out here! There are such a lot of splendid men in the army. One boy calls this his Balkan home and when he has his day off he spends it here.

"We are eager to know how things are going in the United States. Our country certainly tried to keep out, but there did not seem to be much choice in the end. I do hope it will shorten the struggle! I suppose you are all in the whirl of war excitement. Of course, all we hear as yet is through the daily Salonika papers, and it is very hard having to wait for news.

"In these horrible times I like to watch for every sign that the world is being purified and uplifted by the results of this awful war. Even God cannot keep men from misusing the freedom He has given, but He can and does bring good out of evil, and that is what I am always looking for and constantly finding. These short extracts from a sermon of Dr. Monro Gibson in the *British Weekly* show that he has been finding this comfort too. He says: 'If we had crushed Germany immediately after the Marne, it is doubtful whether we could have learned any weighty lesson. The Kingdom of God is first righteousness, then peace. That is the order. It is a great design. Already the idea is asserting itself over the material, self is taking the place of caste. . . . Party spirit is yielding to patriotism, strong drink is beginning to be seen as our curse. There is now meaning and power in the cross. It is the ground of hope and the inspiration of lives!'"

"August 20th. After you get the news of the burning of Salonika, I know it will be hard for you to wait for letters, so I will try to get this letter off at once.

"Some of our best friends are being transferred to other stations and we have a good many callers, so we did not pay very much attention to a cloud of smoke we saw over the city Saturday evening. But as the cloud grew denser our anxiety increased. The wind was blowing a gale and the fire spread rapidly. You know how difficult it is to tell just where a fire is from the distance, but it seemed to be in the middle of the city.

There was little sleep for us that night! We were in no danger, but our anxiety for our friends and the noise that was made by blowing up buildings, with the excitement of all, made sleep impossible. We knew too well what these Vardar winds can do when fire is once started, and when we thought of the closely built houses and the crowded state of the city, with friends scattered from one end to the other, we had good reason to be anxious.

"I was interrupted just here. A man came from one of the camps to get some statistics about the rainfall and temperature for one of the officers who was preparing an account of their stay here. Before he left a lady came from a Serbian relief camp to see if she could get some onions for her family, which had increased over a hundred since the fire. Then two men came for a call, and later two came from another camp to tell us where one of their sick comrades had gone. His sister is corresponding with us and Ruth wished to go to the hospital to see him. We had a call from a young man, a recent arrival, who said he had promised a friend of his to come and see us. He was chief stoker on one of the British ships that used to be in our harbour eighteen or twenty years ago, when we had meetings with the men of the fleet. We were very much pleased that he had remembered to send us a message.

"Another day is gone and this letter is not finished yet. The city, from the Mission House nearly to the White Tower, and from the sea to beyond St. Demeter's, is in ruins. Almost all the shops, banks, hotels, and dwelling houses are gone. It is estimated that about fifty thousand people are homeless! St. Demeter's is in ruins. I believe that it was one of the most perfect of the two churches of that kind in the world.

"Our Mission House was saved, and so was the Greek Protestant Chapel, but the fire was so near them that the furniture was taken from the houses. Practically all the business part of the city is in ruins, and of course there is no material to rebuild. How fortunate it was that we did not delay our own building this spring! There is no question as to the value this building has been this year, not only to the school but to the hundreds of people who look upon this place as a bit of home.

" The English, French, and Italians are each taking about sixteen thousand people to care for. They are being sheltered in tents and huts. It is fortunate there is someone to look after this homeless crowd! Help will come before long, I hope. If you hear of any money being sent to us to help, please advise that it be sent as ' Industrial Relief,' with permission to use it as it seems wisest. We had ten refugees on the place even before the fire, not counting the missionaries from the city, men, women, and children, who are also refugees.

" This is August 25th, but as yet there has been no chance to send a cable or letters, as far as we can find out, for the post office was burned."

XIV

FOURSCORE YEARS AND TEN

"Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening."

—Psalm 104.

Henry hated a single hour to escape him, and he lay awake on the night of the fire and planned to rebuild. Before breakfast Monday morning he and some of the boys set the separator in place, and the work went on without interruption. Nothing daunted by the difficulty of the times, he cabled to America that he was rebuilding. Immediately he got word from there that his wisest course was to leave! I am sure if he had left then, the school would not have recovered, for no one else had his interest, determination, or vision.

He was then seventy-two years old. He walked as briskly as a young man, and did a young man's work. His work lay among youth, and he gave himself no time to grow old. But the years flew by, and we did realize that he could not go on for ever. We thought and talked about who should follow him. Who would be willing to serve for life as he had done?

Henry thought there was only one, our youngest son Charles.

I hated this idea, and refused to contemplate it. Why should the burden we had carried all our life descend to our son? I hoped to end my life in my homeland, and I wanted my children all about me. I knew too well what the burden must be for Charlie, and I felt it was another's

Students Caring for Pigs at the School
Black pigs were introduced from England to replace native Razor-backs.

turn, that the next generation should serve in some other way.

Charlie was an engineer, not a school teacher. He had other ambitions and interests. Henry sympathized with me; but his mind was made up; Charlie was the man he wanted. As of old, his opinion never wavered. Sometimes we discussed it, but not often, and because we did not see eye to eye in this matter, we never wrote to Charlie about it.

Then a letter came from Charlie which made me feel that perhaps my viewpoint was not right. He told us that he had come under the influence of Dr. Rufus Jones, and that his outlook on life had changed.

I realized when I read the letter that we had only to make the suggestion that we wanted him, and he was ready. In our hands was his opportunity for service; an opportunity which he could never hope for at home.

Henry told me he had decided to write to Charlie to ask him to come to us, and this time I felt he was right. Henry ended his letter with the words: " Do not come unless you feel that God has called you."

In the spring of 1917 Charlie was appointed in America as Assistant Director of the school, but months passed before he could join us, for the world was at war, and America with it.

He gave up his work, and his passport was granted. But at this point the United States entered the war, the draft was on, and the fittest men were being chosen as soldiers.

Charlie was a conscientious objector. He believed that there were better ways of serving God and man than by killing his fellow men, and though many young men all the world over felt as he did, and were ready to stand or fall by their belief, the great majority were shouting: " Fight or prison! "

We knew how Charlie felt, and every day we expected to hear that he was in prison, but we could only leave it in

the hands of our Heavenly Father. This time help was speedy. Charlie was among the first to be drafted, but was thrown out because a severe attack of pleurisy had left his lungs weak. How relieved we were!

All this time Harry, our oldest son, was in an officers' camp waiting to be sent to France, so that troubles seemed to be wherever we turned, for submarines were steadily doing their deadly work and adding to their long list of victims. The irregular mails brought letters from him, but he knew no more about the time of his departure than we did. A wire from Havre finally told us of his arrival in France.

Charlie had various delays, but he sailed in September. He changed his mind at the last moment about taking one ship, and it never reached its destination, and never was heard of again. When he got to France he found further delays. For the difficulties that crop up to defeat the traveller in war time are endless. He arrived at the port in Italy where he was to embark for Greece too late to catch the boat. He waited nearly a week for another, and during that wait found he had been spared one horror of war by missing his boat, for some of the survivors from it were brought back to his hotel. They had been torpedoed, and the crowd in the third class, afraid that they were being left to drown, became panic stricken, killed the captain, and killed and wounded others. This added greatly to the grimness of the attack.

When Charlie reached the school he thought he had forgotten the languages of his boyhood, but he began at once to pick them up and to make himself understood in the chief languages of the Near East. I had to admit that Henry once more had proved his foresight in his selection of a helper. I do not think that anybody but Charlie would have had the interest and energy to take over the work. Only an engineer could have tackled the difficult problems that faced us as a growing community, for we began to re-

semble a village. Houses for the staff, reservoirs, barns, and buildings, water difficulties, electric light, electrically-driven machinery.

Anyone not knowing the language as Charlie did would have taken a long time to learn it. The school was rapidly becoming interesting to people in Greece. Visitors came from far and near. It wanted someone with the enthusiasm of youth to take them around, to explain to them.

The war years had brought us friendships; they had also brought bitterness. We were foreigners, and, like many others, from time to time were under suspicion, especially by the French. On one occasion these suspicions went so far that Henry was arrested, and though his release came quickly, it was all wearying to the spirit. The British never for a moment doubted our intentions.

It was perhaps natural that we should be looked on with suspicion, as our school had been the home for so many boys of Balkan countries, who might quite naturally try to get to us if they were in the vicinity as prisoners. But we did not have to meet this difficulty. As contrast follows every event quickly in this part of the world, we were suddenly notified that the King was going to visit us, and this not so very long after Henry had been under suspicion.

Charlie and Ruth were both out when word came of King Alexander's pending visit. He was to follow on the heels of his messenger quite quickly. Harry, then a major in the American Army, was with us on his way to Constantinople on a special mission, and we set to work to prepare hurriedly for the King. Charlie and Ruth came back just in time to help with the final preparations.

King Alexander admired our little dog, given us by the British. There is nothing like a child or a dog to break the ice, and we were soon on friendly terms around the tea table. In fact we sat at tea so long that I finally got up,

to be told by the King's equerry that I had done the wrong thing; His Majesty should have risen first.

The Great War ended, and in the years that followed the school became the center of many activities, and the spirit of the place developed as Henry had planned for it to do. Boys and workers never counted the hours in a day's work, but were willing to work early and late if they had a special job on hand. Many a time Charlie and Mr. Starche joined a midnight shift of cheerful boys who worked against time to get pump or electric wires put right before day dawned and other duties claimed them.

Russian refugees filtered through to Greece. The school did its full share of work in helping them. Jobs were often made, so that some Russian need not go hungry. One man, who had worked in a natural history museum in Russia before the war, was doing day labour with us when Charlie heard his history, withdrew him, and set him to work to collect a natural history museum for the school. This he did, and I believe that our museum is the only one of its kind in Macedonia, and it is a very fine one, too.

The sacking of Smyrna meant more troubled years for the country, and again refugees came to us. But this time they poured in, for the great movement following the decision of the exchange of populations between Greece and Turkey took place. With the passing of the Turk from Macedonia came the influx of repatriated Greeks and the miseries which attend the movements of a great multitude of people. As armies disappeared after the signing of peace, other armies followed, this time armies of relief workers.

The school again played its part in helping the country. Mr. Arthur Bertholf, who had come from America to teach in the school, was greatly concerned with organizing a small society among the schoolboys to help the refugees.

Boys joined this society by giving a can of condensed

milk for the sick and the babies, so that no boy was too poor to join it. Some of the boys, refugees themselves, earned enough to join by making little cooking stoves from kerosene tins, and many and ingenious were the things they turned out. Their work was purely voluntary, and with the money they made they helped to buy quinine or milk to give the sick who passed our doors. A sense of real service was developed in the boys, and very soon they began to go farther afield under the guidance of Mr. Bertholf, out to camps and villages where the need was great, for the refugees carried their troubles along with them.

Very soon, as the number of refugees increased and new villages sprang into being, the work grew too big for our boys to handle. With all the will in the world, they could give only their spare time to it, and spare time on a farm is limited by the very nature of the work. However, the idea attracted the attention of the Society of Friends in London, and one of their workers came from their relief center in Vienna to report on the conditions of the refugees in Greece.

In a short time the Society of Friends decided to send a unit of relief workers to Greece, drawn from units which had done relief work in other countries immediately after the war. It was decided that they should settle in a building at the school, and follow up and develop the work started by the school under the leadership of Mr. Bertholf, who was relieved from his duties at the school by Miss Dorothea Hughes. Miss Hughes from that time on proved one of the school's most enthusiastic friends. Many an innovation she backed. She helped boys individually after their school-day's work was over. She was the means of founding a valuable scholarship in the name of the Society of Friends, of which she was a member. This scholarship provided for the education of five village boys a year. She

also gave time, thought, and money to the development of an antimalaria campaign, which is carried on to this day.

Henry was greatly attracted by the work, and found it very interesting to have a group of English and American workers developing such a scheme at the school. Dispensaries were started in distant villages, industrial work, mosquito control. Besides the staff who overlooked this work, there was a doctor in charge of the medical work, with nurses to help. The boys could no longer help actively, for it had grown too big, but Henry was especially delighted with the message of brotherhood and good will, which he felt they must be daily absorbing, for here on their own ground the people of many nations were bent on helping each other along international lines.

During these years malaria was the worst problem the country had to face, and Henry grew very enthusiastic over the possibilities of gambusia fish, which his friend, Dr. David Starr Jordan, had advised his trying when he visited us. These fish are the size of minnows. At first, perhaps, nobody listened to him. But, as keen as ever when an idea took hold of him, he did not give it up. Perhaps he realized more than most people how valuable they would be in villages where the people were too poor to go in for any other form of mosquito control, and too ill-educated to carry out any plan that needed thought as well as effort.

Italy used the fish with great success, and so could Greece. Thus thought Henry. In the end he persuaded a friend to think so too, with the result that two Americans were interested in the scheme and agreed that some money they had sent for health purposes should be diverted to a scheme that included gambusia.

A teacher went to Italy for the fish, and brought them to Greece in a large tin can. The voyage was rough, and he related how he nursed his precious charges on his knees in case the rolling of the ship threw over the can.

He brought them safely to the school, and they were set free in a large rain-water tank. Ten were put into a tiny meter-square pool for observation, and it was well this was done, for fate overtook the rest very rapidly. Our boys were by this time well-trained enthusiasts in mosquito control, and some who had not heard of the arrival of the fish poured oil on the top of the rain-water tank, with the result that they all died.

Henry's hopes were then centered on the small pool, and they seemed very frail. The productive little creatures, however, lived up to their reputation, and did not keep him long in doubt. Before the summer was over he not only saw it alive with tiny fish, but some thousands had been sent out to various parts of Macedonia. A map covered with red dots tells the tale of this distribution throughout Greece, and carries the story still farther, to Turkey, to Malta, to Cyprus. There are now three or four large breeding ponds at the school, and the tiny meter-square pool that nursed the scheme in its infancy has disappeared.

Though I have never heard Henry boast, he certainly had every reason to do so, had he desired, when Charlie married Ann Kellogg Chapman, and brought her to the school. Here his acumen once again was proved in insisting that Charlie was the best man to follow him, for Charlie's wife settled in and made the place her own. Only one who could take it to her heart could do the work she does. Now Henry felt that he could be very content to retire. Charlie and the Trustees would not hear of this. Thus Henry was spared what so many people suffer as they grow older, though they still feel they are capable of giving active, useful service. He and Charlie worked together happily, Charlie taking up work as he was content himself to lay it down, so that gradually he could spend his energies only on things that really interested him. Charlie discussed and planned with him many an innovation, and never let

him feel that he had been put aside. Only once have I heard him say anything that showed that he felt hurt, and that was when he was past eighty and began to realize that he was not called upon to preach quite so often.

He loved to preach, and insisted on keeping any appointment he had made to preach in the city, in spite of wind, weather, or bad roads, and, oh! those roads in winter. I was most thankful when the call to this service came less and less frequently.

Henry loved always to be up at dawn, in summer or winter. He liked the world before the household stirred, I think, for dawn came never too early for him. He took his first rain observations for the day in the early morning.

Harry planned the house we lived in. It opened onto a fine patio, where his father could sit for hours, doing the things he loved—sorting seeds with care, watching his plants and flowers, getting up to walk about the place, seeing here new buildings going up, there a road. He missed nothing. Harry had taken a great interest in laying out the school, in suggesting houses and buildings, and in perfecting the plan we meant to follow in the future. Harry and his wife came and lived at the school while he was doing some of this work for us, and he had much to do with the beauty of the place.

When he was nearly through the eighties Henry was taken suddenly ill. He overstrained himself while showing boys how to move a tree. Not content with directing, he gave a hand to the work, and it proved too much for him. He said nothing at first, but in the end he was hurried to a clinic for a midnight operation. Contrary to everyone's expectations, he recovered, and was soon back at the school, out on the patio again, and it looked as though he had made a better recovery than many a younger man. From that time, however, he seemed to allow himself to take things a little more easily, and of his own accord laid

aside work he had been in the habit of doing. He no longer insisted on attending morning prayers with the boys.

I like to remember how at that time his presence about the place was an influence, how he never failed to look up and chat with the workmen, who loved to see him coming, his step still active and his eyesight clear. I have often heard Charlie say how much his influence meant to the school: "Just to have him go about the place and say good-morning."

And that was how it was.

He held a very special place in the heart of everyone, not only those at the school. His friends stretched far beyond the bounds of that, and far beyond the frontiers of Greece itself. Bishops and Archbishops had come to regard him warmly, and the Greek Orthodox Bishop came to speak words of good will toward the school. He never faltered in his lively interest in people he came in contact with. Possibly that interest preached for him as no one could preach, for mute sermons lived in the daily hours of a simple life are more telling than the most burning golden words.

I am sure that his ability to do anything that turned up helped more than anything else to make the boys who came under his influence what they are. They developed the idea quite early in their training: "Dr. House can do that, and I can too!"

He was intensely interested in the founding of the Boy Scout Troop at the school, and he tried to interest our boys in social work in his own way. He suggested that they should collect money each Christmas and try to help the prisoners in the long-sentence jails. In one instance they helped one who had been imprisoned for debt. On another occasion they gave changes of clothing to men who had no hope of getting any for themselves. The boys took these things themselves to the jail, acting on the advice of the Bishop of Thessaloniki.

The latter part of his life can well be looked upon as an epic of old age—the fulfillment of a dream.

He always saw the best in people, finding it sometimes where others could not.

His ninetieth birthday was a great event at the school. People of many nationalities came from far and near. Telegrams and cables arrived. Ministers and representatives of several governments. Money was collected to found a birthday scholarship in his name, and the Greek Government gave him the Gold Cross of the Order of Phœnix. A few years previously he had been given the Silver Cross of the Chevalier of The Saviour.

To quote his own words, he was indeed " long in years," the world he knew was still topsy-turvy, still harassed by party strife, but it was something to have brought into being a place dedicated to peace, as he felt this was.

Henry loved the world, but he was ready to be off, to the greater fulfillment of his life, and as his years lengthened he spoke of his going frequently in the simplest manner possible. No one was ever more ready than he. He stood in the sunshine of an early glorious spring day saying good-bye to friends. They said adieu, for they intended an early return; but he laughed and would not have it.

" When people are as long in years as I am," he said, " it is good-bye. I may not see you again."

And that night he was taken ill.

In those last sad, but quiet, days, while we watched and waited with him, he suffered little, and seldom spoke. When the doctor came, he said: " I am going to my Master, and I am ready."

Once his daughter heard him murmur: " I am so happy, dear Lord, so happy."

Then one bright Sunday morning, as the bell was ringing for the morning worship, he went to meet his Lord. " And the trumpets sounded on the other side."

EPILOGUE

THE keystone upon which he built was faith, the door he looked through was called Brotherhood. He knew no other way of looking at life. That was Dr. House. We who knew him in his latter years will always conjure up a tall, slight, upright figure, glistening white hair; someone who was always active, who delighted in escaping by himself out into the weather, to pass lightly along the paths he knew. I remember what a source of anxiety to his family the little old greenhouse was, because as he approached his ninetieth year he would slip away at night to tend to the fire, and this often meant that he would also mount the almost breakneck ladder to peer at seedlings on a high shelf. Finally, the greenhouse was demolished, as it was felt that that was one way of tactfully coping with the situation. How he chuckled over that, for the new greenhouse was farther away, but how much more alluring! It was true there were no top shelves, the family had seen to that; but there was a flat roof, and a builder's ladder leaned against it, and many a time he viewed the world from it, sniffing the morning air and delighting in the far view it gave him. A sticky clay path, very cloying to the boots in winter, led to it, and the way was also past the house where a small girl lived whom he visited each day.

"How I love that baby!" he used to cry, and the baby most certainly loved him.

Toward the end of his life, when he felt that at last he could relax, he loved to read. He liked novels, but more especially humorous books. How he would laugh over them! He would be content to read for hours to the family as they worked, but always at the stroke of ten he was

ready for evening prayers. Then to bed, for the morning called to him irresistibly long before it showed its pallid light to the awakening world.

He loved to recall the past, to chuckle over old jokes, and retell old tales. His interest in the stormy world he had passed his life in was intense, and how he rejoiced when the unexpected happened, and the lion and the lamb of the Balkans lay down together, and signed the Balkan pact. A man of peace, he believed in the union of the churches.

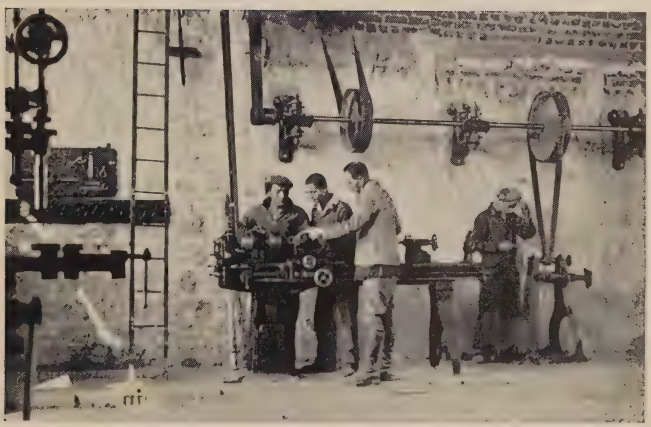
Never was a life so wonderfully rounded out, so full of sunshine, good humour, and companionship.

Every Sunday evening boys who wished to meet him went to his house just before his evening prayers, and sang hymns with him. "Beulah Land" was one of his favourites, as of theirs, unless it was that the boys were so fond of him that they always asked for it.

A man of peace always, and yet methinks he must have been something of a firebrand, for he had but to conceive that an idea was good to fight for it until he got it. No doubt his colleagues saw eye to eye with him in the end, but they must have had many distressing tussles before the end was achieved, and his innovations were startling to the men of his times. Fortunately, his ideas were always sound, and he had the spirit, the faith, the power of sticking to carry them through.

He spoke with humour of the past, laughing over much that must have been distressing. Latterly there was no distrust of him as a Protestant, and he counted among his friends Bishops and priests of the Orthodox Church, Roman Catholics, and Moslems. If anyone was able to gather under his roof those of every faith, it was Dr. House. His very friendliness brought them together, for it was impossible to be intolerant with one another when he was about. How deeply he was beloved is evidenced in a rare tribute paid to him at the celebration of his ninetieth birth-

Students Thrashing with Horses and Also with American Machine



Students Under Instruction in School Machine Shop

day, May 29, 1935, when the Rt. Rev. Ghennadios, Metropolitan of Thessaloniki, said of him:

". . . Deep religious conviction and profound altruistic faith directed the steps of Dr. House from America to this place for the establishment of the School. . . . For Dr. House, his cultural work among us was not a profession; it was not a means of gaining a livelihood; it was an expression of love—inspirational, creative and sacrificial. . . . Wherefore, give praise to God, most respected Dr. House, and accept our gratitude for your precious services. Accept, moreover, the warmest blessing of the Church which I bestow upon you with these words of St. John, the Disciple and Evangelist, 'Beloved, I pray that in all things thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth.'"

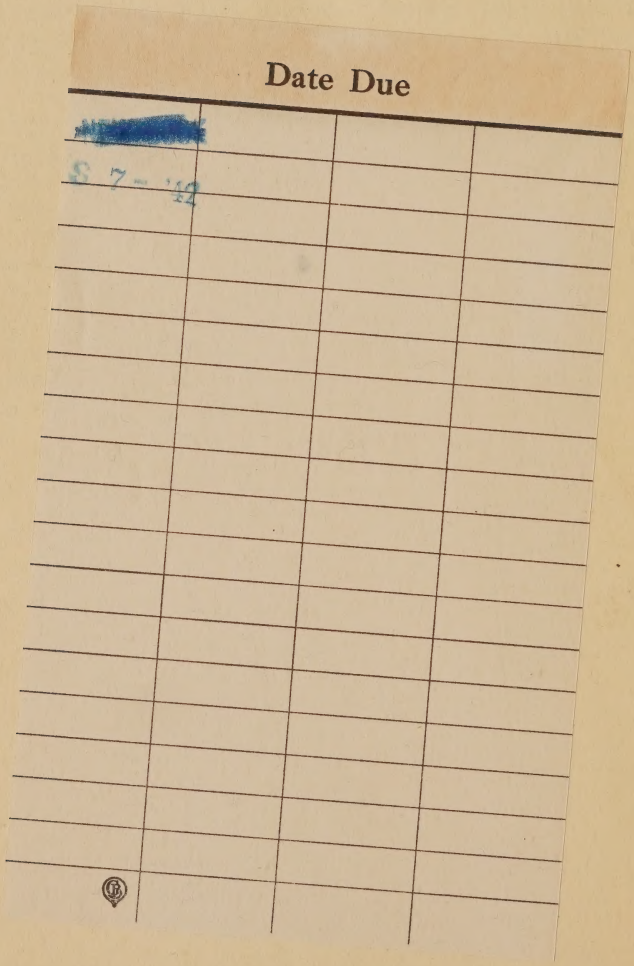
How well I can see him, sitting in the midst of his family at the table, cutting an apple into a glass of milk as he liked to do, and telling of his day's ramble around the farm: How this prize pig had farrowed; how the bull, wonderful fellow, was out in his little paddock in the sunshine after the week of snow; how there were lambs to be seen, and chickens by the five hundred, and spring was advancing, judging by the tiny marvellous grass flowers that he had seen and picked! He must go to see the young trees on the distant hill, and here an old boy grown into a teacher was called into the plot, for he must drive the car. No, he didn't always dwell in the past, but was vitally interested in the present as well. He took his fill of life. A picture of his many-sided character is preserved in the resolutions prepared by Mr. Lucius H. Beers and adopted by the Board of Trustees of the American Farm School, October 15, 1936:

"He was learned in the learning which was valued in America. They gave him all the academic degrees they could give. He

graduated as a Phi Beta Kappa, and then took all the degrees and honorary degrees which were open to him. And he carried with him all his days the joy of that classical education. To him it was a constant delight to work in sight of Olympus. The River Vardar, by Salonika, was to him Homer's 'wide-flowing Axius.' When he wanted to give point to something he was writing about the School he went back and quoted a former resident of that region, Aristotle. But his training went far beyond anything found in books. Especially, by sixty years of sympathy and service, he knew the people of the Balkans. . . .

"As we knew him in his later years, there was about him the majestic quality of a spiritual leader who had stepped into our world out of the Acts of the Apostles. But this majestic quality held no one at a distance from him, for his character naturally attracted love and trust. . . .

"This calm and victorious life of his was not merely a product of circumstances or of a gathering together of notable and lovable characteristics. He had learned a secret which, to those who had ears to hear, had really been explained long ago—'Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls: who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it.'"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